THE GOLDEN BOOK of ENGLISH SONNETS

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Ar beginned to the number of the ophorus
We hought shaded not have very figure tings.
The valuational he who were unsets sings,
And althoulation know these stars our lives

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF ENGLISH SONNETS

SELECTED BY
WILLIAM
ROBERTSON



LONDON GEORGE G. HARRAP & COMPANY LIMITED CALCUTTA & SYDNBY First published in 1913 Reprinted in the present series (Unlarged Edition) April 1922



R 3490

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

FRESH edition of the late Mr Robertson's sonnet anthology being now required, I have been asked by the publishers to write a short preface, and to suggest any alterations or additions that may appear to be desirable. The com piler, however, would seem to have done his work so admirably that it would manifestly be doing injustice to his selection if any extensive alterations were made therein, and I have therefore restricted myself to suggesting that the following eight sonnets should be added (1) Wordsworth's "To Toussant L'Ouverture", (2) Shelley's "Ye hasten to the dead! What seek ye there", (3) Lord Hanmers "The Old Fisher" and (4) "The Pine Woods", (5) Aubrey de Veic's "Soirow", (6) W B Scott's "The Universe Void", (7) Wilfild Scawen Blunt's "The Sublime", and (8) Rupert Brooke's "The Soldier"

The first of these is universally admitted to be one of Wordsworth's finest somets, and the second by Shelley is little, if at all, inferior to it. The two by Lord Hanmer were greatly admired by my late friend and colleague Austin Dobson, and more especially the graphic description of "The Old Fisher," which is almost unique in its vivid simplicity. Mr. Blunt's somet "The Sublime" has been described as "sonorous"

and majestic," and it has for some time been regarded as not unworthy to be classed with such famous somets as Milton's "Massacre in Predmont," Shelley's "Ozymandias," and Wordsworth's "On Westminster Bridge" "The Soldier," by Rupert Broof'e, although written so recently, has already become a general favourite, and has been so often quoted and referred to that no representative collection of English somets could now be considered satisfactory or complete which did not include it.

It will be noted that the Ista Mr Robertson's original preface is reprinted exactly as it appeared in the first edition, and that no alterations have been made in the text beyond the slight additions above mentioned.

Acknowledgment is due to the author and to Messis Macmillan & Co, Ltd for permission to print the double sonnet "The Sublime" from the Postical Works of Wilfird Scawen Blunt (1914) also to Messic Sidgrick & Jackson, Ltd, and the John Lane Company, New York, for permission to include "The Soldier from 1914 and Other Poems, by Rupert Brooke

It is to be hoped that this second edition of Mr Robertson's authology may prove as successful as the first, and that the volume may eventually become the permanent standard collection of Linglish somnets

SAMUEL WADDINGTON

50 BRONDESSURY VILLES N W 6

THE PREFACE AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Thes wholly outside the scope of a popular collection such as this to provide an essay on the history, structure, and development of the Sonnet. In like manner, literary annotations, whether luographical or critical, have been excluded My commission was simply to make an anthology of some 230 sonnets from the whole range of English literature, giving, however, a friendly preference to the work of recent and living authors. At the last moment, the number of somiets was slightly increased, enabling me to make the representation of our greater poets, such as Shakespeare, Word-worth, Ros-etti, more adequate, and thus securing a better balance for the collection

Were any apology needed for the appearance of such a volume, it would be found in the fact that somet-books are at piesent very scrice and difficult to procure, tho c of Leigh Hunt, Denny, Main, Mi. Waddington, Mi. Hall Caine, and Mr. S. Wellwood being all out of print. Sharp's ever popular Somets of the Nanetanth Century is still in circulation, but it increasantly covers only a limited part of the field, and supplies the reader with no examples of our early sonnet-literature, or of that which has been appearing

of late On the other hand, Sir A Quiller-Couch's Dughsh Sonnet (1897) and Mr Bowyer Nichols' Little Book of Lughsh Sonnets (1903) stop short, the one with Mrs Browning, the other with Kents and Hood

In these circumstances, it is hoped that the present volume, containing, as it does, about 140 copyright somets in addition to the best of an earlier age, may obtain something more than a passing glance from genuine lovers of poetry. Whatever its laults, it can at least lay claim to the ment of making readily accessible to general readers a large number of beautiful poems in a form of verse which has ever been chief fairourite with our great masters for the expression of their most intimate and clevated thoughts

To all who have favoured me with their kind permission to reprint copyright somets, I desire to express here my most grateful thanks namely, to—The Hon Maurice Baimg, the Dean of Norwich (H C Becching), Mr A C Benson (and his publisher, Mr John Lane), Mi Laurence Binyon, Mi Wilfrid Scawen Blint, Mr Robert Bridges (and his publishers, Messrs Smith, Eldet & Co), Mr W. L Courtney, Lord Alfred Douglas, Mr Edmund Gosse, Mr Maurice Hewlett, Mr Edmond Holmes, Mr Ernest Myers, Mr John Pajne, Canon Rawisley, Mr Samuel Waddington, Dr T Heibert Warren (President of Magdalen College, Oxford), Mr William Watson, Mr A, St John Adcock, for "Outside

THE GOLDEN BOOK TO THE GOLDEN SONNETS TO THE GOLDEN SONNETS TO THE GOLDEN SONNETS THE GOLDEN Devel North

the Church" (I'rom a London Garden David Nutt, 1903), Mr Henry Newbolt, for "Devon' (Poems New and Old John Murray, 1912), also to M1. Bertram Dobell, for a sonnet by himself and one by James Thomson (BV), Mr Coulson Kernahan, for a sonnet by himself and four by Philip Bourke Marston, Mt W M Rossetti, for his own "Demo cracy Downtrodden and for "A Sonnet is a moment's monument 'by D G Rossetti, Mr Theodoic Watts Dunton, for his own sonnets and those of A C Swinburne also to Mine Duclaux (A Mary F Robin son), the Hon Mrs Felkin (Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler), Mrs Alice Meynell, Mis Woods (and her publishers, Messrs Macmillan & Co) also to Mis Dowden, for sonnets by the late Professor Dowden, Miss Harnett Jay, for a sonnet by Robert Buchanan Mrs Lee Hamilton, for sonnets by Eugene Lee Hamil ton , Lady Leighton Wairen, for sonnets by Loid de Tabley, Mrs Eveleen Myers, for sonnets by Frederic W H Myers, Mis Romanes, for a sonnet by George J Romanes also to Mr Bennett Goldney, for a sonnet by Sebustian Evans Mr Honatio Brown, for sonnets by J A Symonds The Marquess of Crewe, for "The Temciane by Loid Houghton (Mi John Murray consenting) Mr Edward Garnett, for sonnets by Richard Gainett Mr W D Main, for a sonnet by David M Main editor of the admirable Treasury of English Sonnets, 1880, Mr Wilfrid Meynell, for 13

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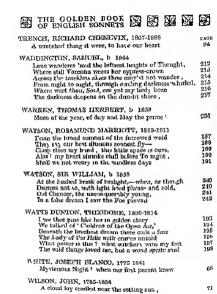
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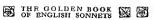
WYATT, SIR THOMAS, 1503-1542

My galley, charged with forgetfulness,

A Sonnel is a nonement a monument,—
Memorial from the Soul's eternity
To ane dead deathless hour — Look that it be,
Whether for lietral rate or dure portent,
Of its onn ardinons fulness reverent
Care is it in way or in abony,
As Day or Night may rule, and let Time see
Its finnering viest impearled and orient
A Sonnet is a coin — its face reveals
The soul — its coin eres, to what Power 'its due —
Whether for inhule to the august appeals
Of Life, or dower in Love a high retinne,
It were, or, 'and the dark wharf's courrenous breath

In Charon's palm it pay the foll to Death

D G ROSSETTI



SIR THOMAS WYATT

THE LOVER COMPARETH HIS STATE TO A SHIP IN PERILOUS STORM TOSSED ON THE SEA

My galley, charged with forgetfulness, Through sharpe seas in winter nights doth pass

Through sharpe seas in winter nights doth pa "Tween rock and rock, and eke my foc, alas, That is my lord, steereth with cruelness.

And every hour, a thought in readiness,

As though that death were light in such a case.

An endless wind doth tear the sail apace Of forced sighs and trusty featfulness

A rain of tears, a cloud of dark disdain,

Have done the wearied cords great hunderance;

Wreathèd with error and with ignorance.

The stars be hid that lead me to this pain,

Drowned is reason that should be my comfort,

And I remain, despaining of the port





SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

Come, Sleep, O Sicep! the certain knot of pence,
The baiting place of wit, the baim of wee,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low,
With sheld of proof sheld me from out the presse
Of those fielee darts despar at me doth throw
O make in me those early wars to cease,
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
A rosy garland, and a wear, head

And if these things, as being thine by right, Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me, Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see





SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

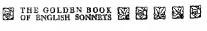
Having this day my horse, my haud, my lance Ginded so well, that I obtained the prize, Both by the judgment of the English eyes And of some sent from that sweet enemy, France Hoisemen my skill in hoisemanship advance,

Townfolks my strength, a daintier judge applies His plane to sleight, which from good use doth rise, Some lucky wits impute it but to chance Others, because of both sides I do take

My blood from them who did excel in this Think Nature me a man at arms did make

How far ther shot awry' the true cause 18,— Stella looked on, and from her heavenly face Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race





SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

Draw in thy beams, and bumble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be,
Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the light,
That doth both shine and give us light to see
O take fast hold, let that light be thy ginde
In this small course which birth draws out to death,

And think how evil becometh him to slide

Then farewell, world, thy attenmost I see Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me

Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust,
And thou, my mind, aspine to higher things,
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust,
Whatever fides, but fading pleasure brings

Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly breath



EDMUND SPENSER

Most glorious Lord of life! that on this day
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin,
And, having harrowed hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win.
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin,
And giant that we, for whom Thou diddest die,
Being with thy deat blood clean washed from sin,

May live for ever in fehreity,
And that thy love we weighing worthily
May likewise love Thee for the same again,

And for thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,
With love may one another entertain
So let us love, dear love, like as we ought

Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.



THE GOLDEN BOOK DO BO W D

EDMUND SPENSLR

I tay to see how, in your drawen work, Your-olf unto the Bee ye do compare. And me unto the Spider, that doth hirk In close await, to entch her unaware Right so yourself were caught in cumning smart Of a dear foe, and thralled to his love, In whose strait bands ye now captived are So firmly, that ye never may remove But, as your work is woren all about With woodbine flow is and fragrant eglantme, So sweet your prison you in time shall prove, With many dear delights bedecked fine And all thenceforth eternal peace shall sec Between the Spider and the gentle Bee





EDMUND SPENSER

ONE day I wrote her name upon the strand, But came the waves, and washed it away Again I wrote it with a second hand.

But came the tide, and made my pains his prey Vain man, said she, that dost in vain assay

A mortal thing so to immortalise,

For I myself shall like to this decay,

And eke my name be wiped out likewise

Not so, quod I, let baser things devise

To die in dust, but you shall live by fame

To die in dust, but you shall live hy fame My verse your virtues rare shall eternise,

And in the beavens write your glorious name,— Where, whenas death shall all the world subdue, Our love shall live, and later life renew



EDMUND SPENSER

LIKE as the culver on the bared bough Sits mourning for the absence of her mate, And in her song sends many a wishful vow For his return, that seems to linger late, So I alone, now left disconsolate. Mourn to myself the absence of my love, And wand ring here and there all desolate Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove Ne joy of aught that under heaven doth hove Can comfort me, but her own joyous sight, Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move In her unspotted pleasance to delight Dark is my day whiles her fair light I miss, And dead my life that wants such lively bliss



SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day '
Thou art more lovely and more temperate
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date,
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines
And often is his gold complexion dimmed,
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course unfrimmed,
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest,
Nor shall Death biag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest,

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see, So long lives this, and this gives life to thee





EDMUND SPENSER

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When to the sessions of sweet silent thought 1 summon up remembrance of things past, I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought, And with old wees new wall my dear time's waste. Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow, For precious friends hid in death's dateless night, And weep aftest love's long since cancelled wee, And mean the expense of many a vanished sight. Then can I grieve at grievances foregone, And heavily from wee to wee tell o'er. The vad account of fore bemoaned mean, Which I new pay as it not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend, All losses are restored and sorrows end



Link as the waves make towards the pebbled shore, So do our minutes hasten to their end, Each changing place with that which goes before, In sequent toil all forwards do contend Nativity, once in the main of light, Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned, Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight, And Time that gave doth now his grif confound Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth And delves the parallels in beauty's brow, Peeds on the rarrites of nature's truth, And nothing stands but for his soythe to mow And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand, Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand





THAT time of year thou mayst in me behold When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang Upon those boughs which shake against the cold, Bare runed choirs, where late the sweet birds sang In me thou see'st the twilight of such day As after sunset fadeth in the west. Which by and by black night doth take away, Death's second self, that seals up all in rest In me thou see at the glowing of such fire, that on the ashes of his youth doth lie, As the death bed whereon it must expire, Consumed with that which it was nourished by This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,

To love that well which thou must leave ere long



Then hate me when thou wilt, if ever, now,
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me how,
And do not drop in for an after loss
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this soriow,
Come in the reservant of a conquered woe,
Give not a windy night a rainy moriow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done then spite,
But in the onset come, so shall I taste
At flist the very worst of fortune's might,
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so













How like a winter liath my absence been From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year ! What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen ! What old December's bareness everywhere And yet this time removed was summer's time , The teeming autumn, big with rich increase, Bearing the wanton burden of the prime, Lake widowed wombs after their lords' decease Yet this abundant issue seemed to me But hope of orphans and unfathered fruit, For summer and his pleasures wait on thee, And, thou away, the very birds are mute, Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.



From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud pied April, dressed in all his trim
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him
Yet not the lays of hinds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew
Nor did I wonder at the hily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose,
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Diann after you,—you pattern of all those
Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow f with these did play,













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I now you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud pied April, dressed in all his tilm
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That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him
Yet not the lays of birds, not the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summers story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor plaise the deep vermilion in the rose
They were but sweet, but figures of delight
Drawn after you,—you pattern of all those
\[\text{\





THERE eyes I love, and they, as pitying me, Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain, Have put on black and loving mourners be, Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain And truly not the monning sun of heaven Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east, Nor that full star that ushers in the even Doth half that glory to the sober west, As those two mourning eyes become thy face O let it then as well beseem thy heart To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace, And suit thy pity like in every part

Then will I swear beauty herself is black, And all they foul that thy complexion lack











WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time I see descriptions of the fairest wights. And beauty making beautiful old rhyme In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights, Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best, Of hand, of foot, of hip, of eye, of brow, I see their antique pen would have expressed Even such a beauty as you master now, So all their praises are but prophecies Of this our time, all you prefiguring; And, for they looked but with divining eyes. They had not skill enough your worth to sing . For we, which now behold these present days, Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise,





Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Adrut impediments Lone is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or hends with the remover to remove
O not it is an ever fixed mark.
That looks on tempests and is never shaken
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken
Love s not Time's fool, though rosy hips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come,
Love afters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doon
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.





SIR WALTER RALEIGH ON SPENSERS FAERY QUEEN

METHOLERT I saw the grave where Laura lay, Within that Temple where the vestal flame. Was wont to burn and passing by that way To see that buried dust of hing fame. Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept. All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen. At whose approach the soul of Petrareli wept. And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen, For they this Queen attended, in whose stand Obbivion laid him down on Laura's henrise. Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed, And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pieces. Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief, And cursed the access of that celestral thief.





BARTHOLOMEW GRIFFIN

Fair is my love that feeds among the hlies,

The blies growing in that pleasant garden

Where Cupid's Mount that well beloved hill is,

And where that little god himself is Warden

See where my love sits in the beds of spices,

Beset all round with camphor, myirh, and roses,

And interlaced with curious devices,

Which ber from all the world apart incloses

There doth she tune her late for her delight,

And with sweet muse makes the ground to move,

Whilst I. poor I, do sit in heavy plight,

Wailing alone my unrespected love,

Not daring rush into so rare a place,

That gives to her, and she to it, a giace



THOMAS LODGE

O shady vales, O fair enriched meads,
O sacred woods, sweet fields, and lising mountains!
O painted flowers, green herbs where Flora treads,

Refreshed by wanton winds and wat'ry fountains!
O all you winged choristers of wood,

That perched aloft your former pains report, And straight again recount with pleasant moud

Your present joys in sweet and seemly sort!
O all you creatures, whoseever thrive

On mother earth, in seas, by an by fire —

More blest are you than I here under sun Love dies in me, whenas he doth revive

In you I pensh under beauty's are, Where after storms, winds, frosts, your life is won













ROBERT GREENE

An! were she pitiful as she is fair, Or but as mild as she is seeming so, Then were my hopes greater than my despair, Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe Ah! were her heart relenting as her hand, That seems to melt even with the nublest touch. Then knew I where to scat me m a land Under wide heavens, but yet there is none such So as the shows she seems the budding rose,

Yet succtor for then is an entitly flower Sound of beauty, like the spray she grows. Compassed she is with thorns and cankered bower Yet were she willing to be plucked and worn, She would be gathered, though she gress on thorn



FRANCIS BACON, LORD VERULAM

SLATED between the old world and the new,
A land there is no other land may touch,
Where reigns a Queen in peace and honour true,
Stories or fables do describe no such
Never did Atlas such a burden bear,
As she, in holding up the world opprest,
Supplying with her virtue everywhere
Weakness of friends, errois of servants best,
No nation breeds a warmer blood for war,
And yet she calms them by her majesty,
No age hath ever wits refined so far,
And yet she calms them by her policy
To her thy son must make his sacrifice
If he will have the morning of his eyes.





HENRY CONSTABLE

My lady's presence makes the roses red,

Because to see her hips they blush for shame
The hily's leaves for enry pale became,
For her white hands in them this enry bred
The mangeld abroad its leaves doth spread,
Because the sun's and her power is the same,
The violet of purple colour came,
Dyed with the blood she made my heart to shed
In hiref, all flowers from her their virtue take
From her sweet breath their sweet smells do proceed.
The hing heat, which her eye-beams do make,

Warmeth the ground, and quickeneth the seed The rain, wherewith she natereth these flowers, Falls from mine eyes, which she dissolves in showers



SAMUEL DANIEL

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night, Brother to Death, in silent darkness horn, Relieve my languish, and restore the light, With dark forgetting of my care return.

And let the day be time enough to mourn

The shipwreck of my all adventured jouth

Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,

Without the torment of the night's untruth

Cease, dreams, the images of day desires,

To model forth the passions of the morrow,

Never let using sun approve you hars,

To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow

Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,

And never wake to feel the day's disdain





HENRY CONSTABLE

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SAMUEL DANIEL

Ler others suig of Knights and Paladines,
In aged accents and untimely words.
Paint shadows in imaginary lines,
Which well the reach of their high wit records
But I must any of thee, and those fair eyes
Authentic shall my verse in time to come.
When yet th' unborn shall say, Lo, where she lies'
Whose beauty made him speak, that else was dumb
These are the ares, the trophies I exect,
That fortify thy name against old age.
And these thy sacred virtues must protect
Against the Dark and Time's consuming page
Though th' eiror of my youth in them appear,
Suffice, they show I lived, and loved thee dear









MICHAEL DRAYTON

Nay, I have done, you get no more of me. And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart. That thus so cleanly I myself can free Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows, And when we meet at any time again, Be it not seen in either of our brows That we one lot of former love retain Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath, When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies, When Farth is kneeling by his bed of death, And Innocence is closing up his eyes,-Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over.

Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part





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Now at the last gasp of Love's letest breath,

When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless hes,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,—

Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over, From death to life thou mightst him yet recove:













JOSHUA SYLVESTER

THEY say that shadows of deceased ghosts Do haunt the houses and the graves about, Of such whose lives lamp went untimely out, Delighting still in their forsaken hosts So, in the place where cruel Love did shoot The fatal shaft that slew my love's delight, I stalk and walk and wander day and night, Even like a ghost with unperceived foot But those light ghosts are happier far than I, For at their pleasure they can come and go Unto the place that hides then treasure, so, And see the same with their fantastic eye. Where I, alas, dare not approach the cruel Proud monument that doth inclose my jewel

JOSHUA SYLVESTER (?)

Were I as base as is the lowly plann,
And you, my Love, as high as heaven above,
Yet should the thoughts of me, your humble swain,
Ascond to heaven in honour of my Love
Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
And you, my Love, as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
Wheresce'er you were, with you my love should go
Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies,
My love should shine on you like to the sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes,
Till heaven waxed blind and till the world were
done

Wheresoc'er I am, below, or else above you, Wheresoc'er you are, my heart shall truly love you





JOSHUA SYLVESTER

They say that shadows of deceased ghosts

Do haunt the houses and the graves about.

Of such whose lives lamp went untimely out,

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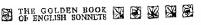
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And you, my Love, as high as heaven above,
Yet should the thoughts of me, your humble swain,
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Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
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WILLIAM ALABASTER INCARNATIO EST MAXIMUM DEI DONUM

Like as the fountem of all light created

Doth pour out streams of brightness undefined
Through all the conduits of transparent kind,
That heaven and mr are both illuminated,
And yet his light is not thereby abated.
So God's eternal bounty ever slinned
The beams of being, moving, life, sense, mind,
And to all things himself communicated
But for the violent diffusive pleasure
Of goodness that left not till God had spent
Himself, by giving us himself his treasure

In making man a God omnipotent How might this goodness draw ourselves above Which drew down God with such attractive love t



THOMAS CAMPION

THRICE toss these oaken ashes in the air.

And thrice three times tie up this true love's knot,
Thrice sit you down in this enchanted chair,
And murmur soft, 'She will, or she will not'
Go, burn those poisoned weeds in that blue fire,
This cypress gathered out a dead man's grave,
These screech owls' feathers and this prickling briar,
That all thy thoiny cares an end may have
Then come, you fairies, dance with me a round
Dance in a circle, let my Love be centre!
Welodiously breathe an enchanted sound
Melt her hard heart, that some remorse may enter!
In van are all the charms I can devise



She hath an art to break them with her eyes



BARNABE BARNES

An, sweet Content, where is thy mild abode?

Is it with shepherds and light hearted swams,
Which sing upon the downs and pipe abroad,
Tending then flocks and cattle on the plains?

Ah sweet Content when doct they are the root?

Ah sweet Content, where dost thou safely rest?

In heaven with angels which the praises sing
Of him that made and rules at his behest.

The minds and hearts of every hving thing?

Ah, sweet Content, where doth thine harbour hold?

Is it in churches, with religious men

Which please the gods with prayers manifold,
And in their studies meditate it then?—

Whether thou dost in heaven or earth appear,
Be where thou wilt, thou wilt not harbour here.



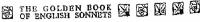
JOHN DONNE, DEAN OF ST PAUL'S

DEATH, be not proud, though some have called thee Mighty and dreadful, for thou sit not so, For those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow, Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be, Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow.

And soonest our best men with thee do go—
Rest of their bones, and souls' delivery.

1 hourt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke Why swell st thou then?
One short sleep past, ne wake cternally,
And death shall be no more Death, thou shalt die











WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

I know that all beneath the moon decay, And what by mortals in this world is brought. In Time's great period, shall return to nought That fancet states have fatal nights and days. I know how all the Muses heavenly lays, With toil of spright which are so dearly bought As 'dle sounds, of few or none are sought, And that nought lighter is than airy praise, I know find beauty like the purple flower, Lo which one main both birth and death affords , That love a jarring is of mind a accords, Where sense and will invassal reason a power Know what I hat this all can not me move, But that, O me 1 I both must write and love



THE GOLDEN BOOK TO THE STATE OF ENGLISH SONNETS

WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

Augus, here she stayed; among these pines, Sweet bermittess, she did alone repair. Here did she spread the treasure of her hair, More rich than that brought from the Colchian nunes, She set her by these musked eglantines, The happy place the print seems yet to bear; Her voice did sweeten here thy sugared lines. To which winds, trees, beests, buds, did lend their ear. Me here she first perceived, and here a morn Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face, Here did she sigh, here first my hopes were born, And I first got a pledge of promised grace But sh' what served it to be happy to. Sitt passed pleasures double but new woe?





JOHN DONNE, DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S

At the round earth's imagined corners blow
Your trumpets, angels and arise, alise
Your death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,
All whom the flood did, and fire shall, o'er throw,
All whom death, war, age, agues, tyrannes,
Despair, law, chance bath slain, and you, whose
eves

Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space,

For if above all those my sms abound, This late to ask abundance of the grace.

When we are there Here on this lowly ground Feach me how to repent, for thit's as good As if thou dst sealed my pardon with thy blood



GEORGE HERBERT

Lond, with what care hast Thom begirt us round!
Parents first season us, then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws, they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,
Pulpits and Sundays, soriow dogging sin,
Affliction sorted, anguish of all vizes,
Fine nets and statagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,
Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulaces,

The sound of glory unging in our ears
Without, our claime, within, our conscionces
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears
Yet all these fences and their whole array
One cumning bosom am blows quite away





WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

How many times night's silent queen her face Hath hid, how oft with stars in silver mask In Heaven's great hall she hath begun her task, And cheered the waking eye in lower place! How oft the sun hath made by Heaven's swift race The happy lover to forsake the breast Of his dear lady, wishing in the west His golden coach to run had larger space! I ever count and number, since, alas! I bade farewell to my heart's dearest guest, The miles I compass, and in mind I chase The floods and mountains hold me from my rest But, wee is me ! long count and count may I, Ere I see her whose absence makes me die



WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

Dear quilister, who from those shadows sends,
Ere that the blushing dawn date shew her light,
Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends
(Become all ear), stars stay to hear thy plight.
If one whose grief even reach of thought transcends,
Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight,
May thee importune who like case pretends,
And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite,
Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,
And long, long sing) for what thou thus complains,
Sith, writer gone, the sun in dappled sky
Now smiles on meadows, mountains, woods, and plains so
The bird, as if my question did her move,
With trembling wings sobbed forth, I love, I love!













WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN NO TRUST IN TIME

LOOK how the flower which lingeringly doth fade, The morning s darling late, the summer's queen, Spoiled of that juice which kept it fresh and given, As high as it did raise, bows low the head Right so my life, contentments being dead, Or in their contraries but only seen, With switter speed declines than east it spread, And blasted, scarce now shews what it hath been As doth the pilgim therefore, whom the night By darkness would imprison on his way, Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright Of what yet rests thee of life's wasting day Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn, And twice it is not given thee to be born



WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

THE BOOK OF THE WORLD

Or this fair volume which we World do name
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of him who it corrects and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rate
Find out his power which wildest powers doth tame,
His providence extending everywhere,
His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page, no, period of the same
But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with coloured vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribands, leaving what is best,
On the great writer a sense neer taking hold.

Or if by chance our minds do muse on ought, It is some picture on the margin wrought



THE GOLDEN BOOK A B B B B

WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

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B THI COLDING HOOK NETS NEED NO NETS

WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWIHORNDLN FOR THE NATIVITY OF OUR FORD

FOR THE NATIVITY OF OUR FORE THE ANGLES

Rox, shepherds, run where Bethlem blest appears, We bring the best of news, be not dism wed. A Saviour there is born, more old than very Amidst heaven's rolling heights this couth who stayed In a poor cottage mucd, a virgin maid A weaking did inn bear, who all upbear There is he poorly swiddled, in manger laid, Lo whom too narrow swaddlings are our spheres Run, shepherds, run, and solemnize his birth, This is that night-no, day, grown great with bliss, In which the power of Satan broken is, In beaven be glory, peace unto the earth! Thus singing, through the air the angels swam, And cope of stars re echoed the same



WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

FOR THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD THE SHEPHERDS

O THAN the fairest day thrice fairer might!

Night to best days in which a sun doth rise,

Of which that golden eye, which clears the skies,

Is but a spaiking ray, a shadow light

And blessed ye, in silly-pastors' sight,

Mild creatures, in whose warm crib now lies

That heaven-sent youngling, holy maid-born wight,

Midst, end, beginning of our prophecies

Blest cottage that hath flowers in winter spread.

Though withered, blessed grass, that bath the grace

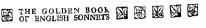
To deck and be a carpet to that place

Thus sang, unto the sounds of oaten reed,

Before the bale, the shephed de hoved on knees.

Before the babe, the shepherds bowed on knees, And springs ran nectar, honey dropt from trees





WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

FOR THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD THE ANGELS

We bring the best of news, be not dismayed,
A Saviour there is born, more old than years,
Amidst heaven's rolling heights this earth who stayed
In a poor cottage inned, a virgin maid
A weakling did him bear, who all upbears
There is he poorly swaddled, in manger laid,
To whom too narrow swaddlings are our spheres
Run, shepherds, nin, and solemnize his birth,
I his is that night—no, day, grown great with bliss,
In which the power of Satan broken is,
In heaven be glory, peace unto the earth!
Thus singing, through the air the angels swam,
And cope of stars re chood the same

Run, shepherds, run where Bethlem blest appears,













FOR THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD THE SHEPHERDS

O THAN the fairest day thrice fairer night! Night to best days in which a sun doth rise, Of which that golden eye, which clears the skies, Is but a sparkling ray, a shadow light And blessed ve, in silly-pastors' sight, Mild creatures, in whose waim crib now lies That heaven sent youngling, holy-maid born wight,

Midst, end, beginning of our prophecies Blest cottage that hath flowers in winter spread, Though withered, blessed grass, that hath the mace

To deck and be a carpet to that place Thus sang, unto the sounds of oaten reed. Before the babe, the shepherds bowed on knees,

And springs ran nector, honey dropt from trees





WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

FOR THE NATIVITY OF OUR FORD

Rus, shepherds, run where Bethlem blest appears, We bring the best of news, be not dismayed, A Saviour there is born, more old than year, Annelst heaven's rolling heights this earth who stayed In a poor cottage mucd, a virgin maid A weaking did him bear, who all upbears There is he poorly swaddled, in manger laid, To whom too narrow swaddlings are our spheres Run, shepherds, run, and solemnize his buth, This is that night—no, day, grown great with bliss, In which the power of Satan broken is, In heaven be glory, peace unto the earth! Thus singing, through the air the angels swam, And cope of stars re echood the same













FOR THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD THE SHEPHERDS

O THAN the fairest day thrice fairer might Night to best days in which a sun doth rise, Of which that golden eye, which clears the skies, Is but a sparkling ray, a shadow light And blessed ve. in silly-pastors sight. Mild creatures, in whose warm crib now lies That heaven sent youngling, holy maid born wight,

Midst, end, beginning of our prophecies Blest cottage that hath flowers in winter spread . Though without, blessed grave, that hath the grace To deck and be a carpet to that place

Thus sang, unto the sounds of oaten reed, Before the babe the shepherds bowed on knees,

And springs ran nectar, honer dropt from trees





JOHN MILTON TO THE NIGHTINGALE

O NIGHTMORIE, that on you bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May,
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love, O, if Jove's will
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ore the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh,
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why

Whethe the Muse or Love call thee his mate, Both them I serve, and of theu train am I





JOHN MILTON

ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th
Penhaps my somblance might deceive the truth
That I to manhood am arrived so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more tunely-happy spirits endu'th
Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task Masker's eye













JOHN MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent, Ere half my days in this dark world and wide, And that one talent, which is death to hide, Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent To serve therewith my Maker, and present My true account, lest He returning chide,-' Doth God exact day labour, light demed?' I fondly ask But Patience, to prevent That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need Either man's works or his own gifts Who best Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best His state Is lingly thousands at his bidding speed, And post o'er land and ocean without rest, They also serve who only stand and wait'



JOHN MILTON

TO MR. LAWRENCE

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may he won
From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sowed noi spun
What nent repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them of t, is not univise.



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NOTHIM MILTON

TO CYRIACK SHINNER

Characa, this three years' day these eyes, though clear To outward view, of blemish or of spot-Bireft of hight, their secing have forgot . Nor to then adle orbs doth sight appear Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year, Or man, or woman 1 ct I argue not Agamst Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot Of heart or hope, but still hear up and sleer Right onward What supports me, dost thou ask? The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied In Liberty's defence, my noble tast, Of which all Europe rings from side to side This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask

Content, though blind, had I no better guide



JOHN MILTON On the late massacre in piedmont

Avence, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold, Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones, Forget not in thy book record their groans Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold Slain by the bloody Premontese, that rolled Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans The vales redoubled to the hills, and they To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway The triple Tyrant, that from these may grow A hundredfold, who, having leaint thy way, Early may fly the Babyloman woe.





JOHN MILTON TO CYRIACK SKINNER

Cymack, this three years' day these eves, though clear. To outward view, of blenish or of spot, Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot. Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear. Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year, Or man, or woman. Net I argue not. Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot. Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer. Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask? The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied. In J iberty's defence, my noble task, Of which all Europe rings from side to side. This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask.

Content, though bland, had I no better guide



JOHN MILTON ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones Lee scattered on the Alpine mountains cold, Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones, Forget not in thy hook record their groans Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled Mother with infant down the rocks Their moans The vales redoubled to the hills, and they To heaven Their maityred blood and ashes sow O er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway The triple Tyrant, that from these may grow A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way, Early may fly the Bahyloman wee





WILLIAM COWPER

MARY 1 I want a lyre with other strings, Such aid from Heaven as some have feigned they drew.

An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things.
That, ere through age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honour due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
And that immortalizes whom it sings
But thou hast little need — There is a Book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
A chromole of actions just and bright,—
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,
And since thou own st that praise, I spare thee name



On this lone isle, whose rugged rocks affright

THOMAS RUSSELL

AT LEMNOS

The cautious pilot, ten revolving years
Great Pean's son, unwonted east to tears,
Wept oer his wound alike each rolling light
Of heaven he watched, and blamed its lingering flight,
By day the sea mew, screaming round his care,
Drove slumber from his eyes—the ch ding wave
And savage howlings chased his dreams by night
Hope still was his—in each low breeze that sighed
Through his rude grot he heard a coming car,
In each white cloud a coming sail he spied,

Of Chas torrents, or the houser tide

That parts famed Arachis from the Euboic shore.

Nor seldom listened to the fancied roar





Sconn not the Sonnet 1 Critic, you have frowned, Mindless of its just honours with this key Shakspeare unlocked his heart, the melody Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound, A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound, With it Camoens soothed an exile's grief, The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned His visionary brow, a glow worm lamp, It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery land To struggle through dark ways and when a damp Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand The Thing became a trumpet —whence he blew Soul animating strains-alas, too few!





WILLIAM WORDSWORTH COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he he of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning: silent, bate,
Ships, towers, domes, theaties, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokoless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!













O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look For comfort, being, as I am, opprest, In think that now our Life is only drest For show,-mean handy-work of craftsman, cook, Or groom !- We must run glittering like a brook In the open sunshine, or we are unblest The wealthtest man among us is the best No grandeur now in nature or in book Delights us Rapine, avarice, expense, This is idolatry and these we adore Plain living and high thinking are no more The homely beauty of the good old cause Is gone our peace, our fearful innocence, And pure religion breathing household laws





MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour England hath need of thee she is a fen Of stagnant waters altai, sword, and pen, Freeside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower, Have forferted their ancient English dower Of inward happiness We are selfish men, Oh! raise us up, return to us again, And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apait. Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the s

Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free, So didst thou travel on life's common way, In cheerfal godliness—and yet thy heart The low lest duties on herself did lay











THE world is too much with us, late and soon, Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers Little we see in Nature that is ours. We have given our hearts away, a sorded boon! I his Sea that bares her bosom to the moon, The winds that will be howling at all hours, And are up gathered now like sleeping flowers, For this, for everything, we are out of tune, It moves us not -Great God! I'd rather be A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn, So might I, standing on this pleasant lea, Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn, Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea, Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn











ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous east in fee. And was the safeguard of the west: the worth Of Venuce did not fall below her birth. Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty. She was a maiden City, bright and free; No guile seduced, no force could violate; And, when she took unto herself a Mate, She must espouse the everlasting Sea. And what if she had seen those glories fade. Those titles vanish, and that strength decay . Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid When her long life hath reached its final day: Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade Of that which once was great is passed away.





WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the sky, How silently, and with how wan a face !? Where art thou? Thou so often seen on high, Running among the clouds a Wood-nymph's race Unhappy Nuns, whose common breath's a sigh Which they would stifle, move at such a pace! The northern Wind, to call thee to the chase, Must blow to-night his bugle horn The power of Merlin, Goddess' this should be: And all the stars, fast as the clouds were riven, Should sally forth, to keep thee company, Hurrying and sparkling through the clear blue heaven But, Cynthia ' should to thee the palm be given, Queen both for beauty and for majesty.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH TO THE RIVER DUDDON

I THOUGHT of Thee, my partner and my guide.
As being past away — Vain sympathies!
For backward, Duddon, as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide.
Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide.
The Form remains, the Function never dies.
While we, the brace, the mighty, and the wise,
We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish.—be it so!
Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour.
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent
dower.

We feel that we are greater than we know













WILLIAM WORDSWORTH TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men! Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough Within thy hearing, or thy head be now Pillowed in some deep dungeon's emless den ,-O miserable Chrefton ! where and when Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not, do thou Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow Though fallen thyself, never to rise again, Live, and take comfort Thou hast left behind Powers that will work for thee, air, earth, and skies; There's not a breathing of the common wind That will forget thee , thou hast great allies , Thy friends are exultations, agonies, And love, and man's unconquerable mind



ROBERT SOUTHEY

WINTER

A WRINKLED crabbed man they picture thee,
Old Winter, with a rugged beard as grey
As the long moss upon the apple-tree,
Blue lipt, an ice drop at thy sharp blue nose,
Close muffled up, and on thy dieary way
Plodding alone through sleet and drifting snows
They should have drawn thee by the high heapt hearth,
Old Winter, scated in thy great aimed chair,
Watching the children at their Christmas mirth,
Or circled by them as thy lips declare
Some merry jest, or tale of muider dire,
Or troubled spirit that disturbs the night,
Pausing at times to rouse the mouldering file,
Or taste the old October brown and bright.



CHARLES LAMB WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF EDITH SOUTHEY

In Christian world Mary the garland wears! Rehecca sweetens on a Hebrew's ear. Quakers for pure Priscilla are more clear, And the light Gaul by amorous Ninon swears Among the lesser lights how Lucy shines What air of fiagrance Rosamond throws round How like a hymn doth sweet Cecilia sound! Of Marthas, and of Abigails, few lines Have bragged in verse Of coarsest household stuff Should homely Joan be fashioned But can You Barbara resist, or Marian? And is not Clare for love excuse enough? Yet, by my faith in numbers, I profess, These all than Saxon Edith please me less











TO DORA WORDSWORTH, ON BRING ASKED BY HER FATHER TO WRITE IN HER ALBUM

An album is a banquet: from the store, In his intelligential orchard growing, Your sire might heap your board to overflowing, One shaking of the tree-'twould ask no more To set a salad forth, more 11ch than that Which Evelyn in his princely cookery fancied: Or that more rare, by Eve's neat hand enhanced, Where a pleased guest, the Angelic Virtue, sat But, like the all-grasping founder of the feast. Whom Nathan to the suning king did tax, From his less wealthy neighbours he exacts, Spares his own flocks, and takes the poor man's beast. Obedient to his bidding, lo, I am,





JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE

Misrors Night! when our first parent knew

Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew.
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperius with the host of heaven came,
And lot creation widened in man's view
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun' or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless oibs thou mad's us blind!
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?

If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?











ON THE STATUE OF A PIPING FAUN

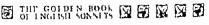
HARK ! hear'st thou not the pipe of Faunus, sweeping In dulcet glee through Thessaly's domain? Dost thou not see embowered wood-nymphs peeping To watch the Graces that around him reign . While distant vintagers, and peasants reaping, Stand in mute transport, listening to the strain, And Pan himself, beneath a pine tree sleeping,

Looks round, and smiles, and drops to sleep again? O happy Greece! while thy blest sons were rovers Through all the loveliness this earth discovers. They in their minds a brighter region founded, Haunted by gods and sylvans, nymphs and lovers,

Where forms of grace through sunny landscapes bounded.

By music and enchantment all surrounded





EDWARD HOVEL, LORD THURLOW THE HARVIST MOON

The crimson Moon, uprising from the eca, With large delight foretells the harvest near. Ye shepherds, now prepare your melody To great the soft appearance of her sphere . And, like a page cummoured of her trans. The star of evening glimmers in the west. Then ruse, ve shepherds, your ob erant strain, That so of the Great Shepherd here are blest Our fields are full with the time-ripened grain, Our smeyards with the purple clusters swell, Her golden splendour glummers on the main, And vales and mountains her bright glory tell. Then sing, ye shepherds, for the time is come When we must bring the enriched harvest home.



JOHN WILSON THE EVENING CLOUD

A crown lay cradled near the setting sun,
A glean of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below;
Tranquil its spirit seemed and floated slow.
Even in its very motion there was rest,
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
To whose write robe the gleam of bluss is given;
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right noward to the golden gates of Heaven,
Where to the eye of Faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.











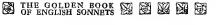
LEIGH HUNT

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,

Catching your heart up at the feel of June, Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon, When even the bees lag at the summoning brass, And you, warm little housekeeper, who class With those who think the candles come too soon, Loving the fire, and with your tracksome tune Nick the glad silent moments as they pass, Oh sweet and tiny cousins, that belong One to the fields, the other to the hearth, Both bave your sunshine, both, though small, are strong

At your clear hearts, and both were sent on earth To sing in thoughtful cars this natural song In doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.





LEIGH HUNT

THE NILE

It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands,

Like some giave mighty thought threading a dream,
And times and things, as in that vision, seem

Keeping along it their eternal stands,—

Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepheid bands

That roamed through the young world, the glory

extreme

Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam, The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands

Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
As of a world left empty of its throng,
And the void weighs on us and then we wake,
And heat the fruitful stream lapsing along
Twist villages, and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on for human sake





GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON CHILLON

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind;

Brightest in dungeons, Laberty, thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart,
The heart which love of thee alone can bind.
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned,
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyndom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind
Chillon; thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar, for twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worm, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,

By Bonnavard May none those marks efface! For they appeal from tyranny to God



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY OZYMANDIAS

I MET a traveller from an antique land
Who sand: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed,
Aud on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.





PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

YE hasten to the dead! What seek ve there, Ye restless thoughts and busy purposes Of the idle brain, which the world's livery wear? O thou quick heart, which pantest to possess All that pale Expectation feigneth fan 1 Thou vainly curious mind which wouldest guess Whence thou didst come, and whither thou must go, And all that never yet was known would know-Oh, whither hasten ve. that thus ve press, With such swift feet life's green and pleasant path, Seeking, alike from happiness and woe, A refuge in the cavern of gray death? O heart, and mind, and thoughts! what thing do you Hope to inherit in the grave below?

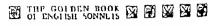
JOHN KEATS

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and langdoms seen.
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold
Off of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breather its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken,
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild suimse—



Silent, upon a peak in Darien



JOHN REATS ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

The poetry of earth is never dead.

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees a voice will run.

From hedge to hedge about the new-move mead.

That is the Grasshopper s—he takes the lead.

In summer luxury.—he has never done.

With his delights, for when tired out with fun.

He rests at case beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never.

On a lone winter evening, when the frost.

Has wrought a silence, from the store there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems, to one in drousiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.





Harry is England! I could be content
To see no other verdure than its own.
To feel no other breezes than are blown
Through its tall woods with high romances blent
Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment
For skies Italian, and an inward groen
To sit upon an Alp as on a throne,
And helf forget what world on worldling meant
Happy is England, sweet her artless daughters,
Enough their simple loveliness for me,
Enough their whitest arms in sience chinging
Yet do I often warmly burn to see

Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing, And float with them about the summer waters





ON A PICTURE OF LEANDER

Come hither all sweet maidens soberly, Down-looking age, and with a chastened light, Hid in the fringes of your eyelids white, And meekly let your fan hands jomed be, As if so gentle that ye could not sec, Untouched, a victim of your beauty bright, Sinking away to his young spirit's night,-Sinking bewildered 'mid the dreary sea 'Tis young Leander toiling to his death; Nigh swooning, he doth purse his weary hips For Hero's cheek, and smiles against her simle O hornd dream ' see how his body dips Dead heavy, arms and shoulders gleam awhile He's gone up bubbles all his amorous breath

TO SLEEP

O sorr emhalmer of the still midnight!
Shutting, with careful fingers and benign,
Our gloom-pleased eyes, embowered from the light,
Emshaded in forgetfulness divine:
O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close,
In midst of this thine liymu, my willing eyes,
Or wait the Amen, et et by poppy throws

Around my bed its lulling charities
Then save me, or the passed day will shine
Upon my pillow, breeding many woes;
Save me from curious conscience, that still lords
Its strength, for darkness burrowing like a mole;

Its strength, for darkness burrowing like a mole;
Turn the key deftly in the oiled wards,
And seal the hushed casket of my soul.





After dark vapours have oppressed our plains For a long dieary season, comes a day

JOHN KEATS

Born of the gentle South, and clears away
From the sick heavens all unseemly stains
The anxious month, relieved from its pains,
Takes as a long lost right the feel of May
The eyelids with the passing coolness play,
Lake lose leaves with the drip of summer rains
The calmest thoughts come round us as of leaves
Budding—fruit ripening in stillness—autumn suns
Smiling at eve upon the quiet sheaves—
Sweet Sappho's check—a sleeping infant's breath—
The gradual sand that through an hour glass runs—
A woodland rivulet—a Poet's death



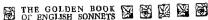




Sweet voice, sweet lips, soft hand, and softer breast, Warm breath, light whisper, tender semi-tone, Bright eyes, accomplished shape, and lang'rous waist t Faded the flower and all its budded charms. Faded the sight of beauty from my eyes, Faded the shape of beauty from my arms, Faded the voice, warmth, whiteness, paradise-Vanished unseasonably at shut of eve. When the dusk holiday-or holinight Of fragrant-curtained love begins to weave The woof of darkness thick, for hid delight; But, as I've read Love's missal through to-day, He'll let me sleep, seeing I fast and pray.

THE day is gone, and all its sweets are gone













JOHN KEATS HIS LAST SONNET

BRIGHT star, would I were steadfast as thou art-Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night, And watching, with eternal lids apart, Lake Nature's patient sleepless Elemite, The moving waters at their priestlike task Of pure ablation round earth's human shores, Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mash. Of snow upon the mountains and the moors -No-yet still steadfast, still unchangeable, Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,

To feel for ever its soft fall and swell, Awake for ever m a sweet unjest, Still, still to hear her tender taken breath, And so live ever—or else swoon to death





BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

Tell us, O Guide, by what strange natural laws
This winged flower throws out, night after night,
Such lunar brightness? Why,—for what grave cause
Is this earth-insect crowned with heavenly light?
Peace! Rest content! See where, by cliff and dell,
Past tangled forest-paths and silent river,
The little lustrous creature guides us well,
And where we fail, his small light aids us ever
Night's charming servant! Pretty star of earth!
I ask not why thy lamp doth even burn.
Perhaps it is thy very life,—thy mind;
And thou, if robbed of that stiange right of birth,
Might be no more tain Man, when death doth turn
His beauty into darkness, cold and blind



OF ENGLISH SONNETS A D W A

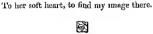
HARTLEY COLERIDGE

Love time a child, and still a child, when years Had painted manhood on my check, was I, For yet I haed lil e one not born to die A thriftless produgal of smiles and tears, No hope I needed, and I knew no fears But sleep, though sweet, is only sleep, and waking I waked to sleep no more, at once o ertaking The vanguard of my age, with all arrears Of duty on my back Nor child, nor man, Nor youth, nor sage, I find my head is grey, For I have lost the race I never ian A rathe December blights my lagging May, And still I am a child, though I be old Time is my debtor for my years untold



NIGHT

The cracking embers on the hearth are dead,
The indoor note of industry is still,
The latch is fast, upon the window-sill
The small birds wait not for their daily bread,
The voiceless flowers—how quietly they shed
Their nightly odours, and the household rill
Murmurs continuous dulect sounds that fill
The vacant expectation, and the dread
Of listening night—And haply now She sleeps
To all the galrulous noises of the air
Are hushed in peace, the soft dew silent weeps,
Like hopeless lovers for a maid so fair—
Oh; that I were the happy dream that creeps





IF I have sinned in act, I may repent, If I have erred in thought, I may disclaim My silent error, and yet feel no shame But if my soul, big with an ill intent, Guilty in will, by fate be innocent, Or being bad, yet murmurs at the curse And incapacity of being worse, That makes my hungry passion still keep Lent In keen expectance of a Carmval.— Where, in all worlds that round the sun revolve, And shed their influence on this passive ball, Abides a power that can my soul absolve? Could any sin survive and be forgiven, One sinful wish would make a hell of heaven



THINK upon Death, 'ts good to think of Death, But better far to think upon the Dead Death is a spectre with a bony head,
Or the mere mortal body without breath,
The state foredoomed of every son of Seth,
Decomposition—dust, or dreamless sleep
But the dean Dead are they for whom we weep
For whom I credit all the Bible south
Dead is my father, dead is my good mother,
And what on earth have I to do but die?
But if by grace I reach the blessed sky,
I fam would see the same, and not another,
The very father that I used to see,
The mother that has nursed me on her knee





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SAMUEL LAMAN BLANCHARD

Pheasures lie thickest where no pleasures seem:
There's not a leaf that falls upon the ground,
But holds sone joy of silence or of sound,
Some sprite begatten of a summer dream.
The very meanest things are made supreme
With imate cestasy. No grain of sund,
But moves a bright and million-peopled land,
And hath its Edens and its Even, I deem.
For Love, though blind himself, a enrions eye
Hath lent no, to behold the hearts of things,
And (onched mine car with power. Thus, for or nigh,
Minute or mighty, fixed or free with wings,

Delight from many a nameless covert sly Peeps sparkling, and in tones familiar sings.











THOMAS HOOD

DEATH

Ir is not death, that sometime in a sigh This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight, That sometime these bright stars, that now reply In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night. That this warm conscious flesh shall perish quite, And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow, That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal Sprite Be lapped in alien clay and laid below. It is not death to know this,—but to know That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go So duly and so oft, and when grass waves Over the past away, there may be then

No resurrection in the minds of men



SAMUEL LAMAN BLANCHARD HIDDEN JOYS

PLEASURES he thickest where no pleasures seem
There s not a leaf that falls upon the ground,
But holds some joy of silence or of sound,
Some sprite begotten of a summer dream
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And hath its Edens and its Eves, I deem
For Love, though blind himself, a curious eye
Hath lent me, to behold the hearts of things,
And touched mine car with power Thus, far or nigh,
Minute or mighty, fixed or free with wings,
Delight from many a nameless covert sly
Feens spatking, and in tones familiar sings













Go from me Yet I feel that I shall stand Henceforward in thy shadow Nevermore Alone upon the threshold of my door Of individual life, I shall command The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand Sevenely in the sunshine as before, Without the sense of that which I forbore-Thy touch upon the palm The widest land Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine With pulses that beat double. What I do And what I dream include thee, as the wine Must taste of its own grapes And when I sue God for myself, He hears that name of thme, And sees within my eyes the tests of two





What can I give thee back, O liberal
And princely giver, who hast brought the gold
And purple of thme heart, unstained, untold,
And land them on the outside of the wall
For such as I to take or leave withal,
In unexpected largesse? am I cold,
Ungrateful, that for these most manifold
High gifts, I render nothing back at all?
Not so, not cold,—but very poor instead
Ask God who knows—For frequent tears have run
The colours from my life, and left so dead
And pale a stuff, it were not fitly done
To give the same as pillow to thy head
Go farther! let it serve to tample on.





If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange And be all to me? Shall I never miss Home talk and blessing and the common kiss That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange, When I look up, to drop on a new range Of walls and floors, another home than this? Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me which is Filled by dead eyes, too tender to know change? That's hardest If to conquer love, has tried To conquer grief, thies more, as all things prove, For grief indeed is love and grief beside Alas, I have grieved to I am hard to love Yet love me-wilt thon? Open thine heart wide, And fold within the wet wings of thy dove

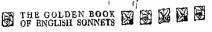


OF ENGLISH SONNETS SO SO SO SO

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

When our two souls stand up erect and strong. Face to face, silent, drawing ingh and nigher. Until the lengthening wings break into fire At either curvèd point.—what bitter wrong Can the earth do to us, that we should not long Be here contented? Think. In mounting higher, The angels would press on us and aspire To drop some golden orb of perfect song Into our deep, dear silence Let us stay Rather on earth, Beloved,—where the unfit Contravous moods of men recoil away And isolate pure spinits, and permit A place to stand and love in for a day, With darkness and the death-hour rounding it.





Mx letters all dead paper, mute and white! And yet they seem alive and ourvering Against my tremulous hands which loose the string And let them drop down on my knee to-night This said,—he wished to have me in his sight Once, as a friend this fixed a day in spring To come and touch my hand . a simple thing, Yet I wept for it '-this, . the paper's light Said, Dear, I love thee, and I sank and quailed, As if God's future thundered on my past This said, I am thine-and so its ink has paled With lying at my heart that beat too fast And this O Love, thy words have ill availed If, what this said, I dared repeat at last!





CHARLES TENNYSON-TURNER THE LATTICE AT SUNRISE

As on my hed at dawn I mused and prayed,
I saw my lattice prankt upon the wal!
The flaunting leaves and fitting binds withal—
A sunny phantom interlaced with shade
'Thanks he to Heaven' in happy mood I said,
'What sweeter aid my matins could befall
Then this fair glory from the Last bath made?
What holy sleights hath God, the I ord of all,
To bid us feel and see! we are not free

Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea.

His lustre pierceth through the midnight glooms

And at prime hour, behold! He follows me

With golden shadows to my scaet rooms!!

To say we see not, for the glory comes

×

THE GOIDEN BOOK M B M M B

CHARLES TENNYSON-TURNER LETTY'S GLOBE

When Letty had scarce passed her third glad year, And her young, artless words began to flow, One day we gave the child a coloured sphere Of the wide enith, that she might mark and know, By tint and outline, all its sea and land She patted all the world, old empires peeped Between her baby fingers, her soft hand Was welcome at all frontiers How she leaped, And laughed, and prattled in her world-wide bliss, But when we turned her sweet unlearned eye On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry, 'Oh! yes, I see it, Letty's home is there!' And, while she hid all England with a kiss, Bright over Europe fell her golden hair

CHARLES TENNYSON-TURNER THE QUIET TIDE NEAR ARDROSSAN

On to the beach the quiet waters crept
But, though I stood not far within the land,
No tidal murmur reached me from the strand
The unirrored clouds beneath old Arran slept

I looked again across the watery waste

The shores were full, the tide was near its height,

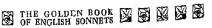
Though scarcely heard the reefs were drowning fast,

And an imperial whisper told the might

Of the outer floods, that pressed into the bay,
Though all heades was silent I delight
In the rough billows, and the foam-ball's flight
I love the shore upon a stormy day.

But yet more stately were the power and ease That with a whisper deepened all the seas





FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE

Cover me with your eveilasting arms, Ye guardian giants of this solitude From the ill sight of men, and from the rude Lumultuous din of you wild world's alarms! Oh, knit your mighty limbs around, above. And close me in for ever let me dwell With the wood spirits, in the darkest cell That ever with your verdant locks ye wove The air is full of countless voices, joined In one eternal hymn, the whispering wind, The shuddering leaves the hidden water springs, The work song of the bees, whose honeyed wings Hang in the golden tresses of the lime, Or buried he in purple beds of thyme





GEORGE MORINE

SUNSET

Day—like a conqueror marching to his rest.

The warfare finished and the victory won,
And all the pageant of his triumph done—

Seeks his resplendent chamber in the West
You clouds, like pursuivants and heralds drest
In gorgeous blazonry, troop slowly on,

Beauting abroad the banners of the sun

Bearing abroad the banners of the sun, That proudly stream o'er many a warrior's crest In the azure field a solitary star

Lifts its pale signal, and the glorious train
Of errant sunbeams, straggling from afar,
Re form their glittering ranks, and join again
Their father Phœbus in his golden car,
Whose panting steeds have souffed the western main.



THE GOLDEN BOOK SEE SEE SEE SONNETS

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, LORD HOUGHTON

ON TURNERS PICTURE OF THE TEMERAIRE

SEE how the small concentrate fiery force Is grappling with the glory of the main, That follows like some grave heroic corse, Dragged by a sutler from the heap of slain Thy solemn presence brings us more than pain-Something which fancy moulds into remoise, That we, who of thme honour held the gain. Should from its dignity thy form divorce Yet will we read in thy high vaunting name, How Britain did what France could only dare, And, while the sunset gilds the darkening air, We will fill up thy shadowy lines with fame, And, tomb or temple, had thee still the same, Home of great thoughts, memorial Temeraire





HENRY ALFORD, DEAN OF CANTERBURY

Rise, said the Master, come unto the feast —
She heard the call and rose with willing feet.
But thinking it not otherwise than meet
For such a hidding to put on her best,
She is gone from us for a few short hours
Into her bridal closet, there to wait
For the unfolding of the palace gate,
That gives her entrance to the hissful bowers
We have not seen her yet, though we have been
Full often to her chamber door, and oft
Have listened underneath the postern green,
And laid fresh flowers, and whispered short and soft,
But she hath made no answer, and the day
From the clear west is fading fast away



THE GOLDEN BOOK TO THE GOLDEN BO

AUBREY DE VERE

THE SUN GOD

I saw the Master of the Sun—He stood
High in his luminous ear, himself more bright.
An Archer of immeasurable might
On his left shoulder hung his quivered load,
Spurned by his Steeds the eastern mountain glowed.
Forward his eager eye, and brow of light
He bent, and, while both hands that arch embowed
Shaft after shaft pursued the flying Night

No wings profuned that godfike form, around His neck high held an ever moving cloud Of locks hung glutening, while such perfect sound Fell from his bowstring, that the thereal dome Thrilled as a dewdrop, and each passing cloud Expanded, whitening like the ocean foam



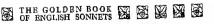


AUBREY DE VERE

SORROW

Course each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee, do thou
With courtesy receive him, rise and bow,
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave,
Then lay before him all thou hast allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality, no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmiess Grief should be,
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free,
Strong to consume small troubles, to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to
the end





JEAN INGELOW

AN ANCIENT CHESS KING

HAPLY some Rajah first in ages gone
Amid his languid ladies fingered thee,
While a black nightingale, sun-swait as he,
Sang his one wife, love's passionate orison.
Haply thou mayst have pleased old Prester John
Among his pastures, when full royally
He sat in tent—grave shepherds at his knee—
While lamps of balsam winked and glimmered on

What dost thou here? Thy masters are all dead,
My heart is full of ruth and yearning pain
At sight of thee, O king that hast a crown
Outlasting theirs, and tells of greatness fied
Through cloud hung nights of unabated rain
And murmur of the dark majestic town.



MATTHEW ARNOLD

ONF lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at one,
Though the loud world proclaim then enmity—

Of toil unsevered from tranquillity!
Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivaly!

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring, Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil, Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,

Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting, Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil, Labouiers that shall not fail, when man is gone











MATTHEW ARNOLD

SHAKESPEARE

OTHERS abide our question—Thou art fice. We ask and ask-Thou smilest and ait still, Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,

Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sca, Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place, Spares but the cloudy border of his base To the foiled searching of Mortality,

And thou, who didst the stars and sunheams know, Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honoured, self secure, Didst walk on earth unguessed at -Better so

All pains the immortal spirit must endure, All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow, Find their sole voice in that victorious brow





MATTHEW ARNOLD EAST LONDON

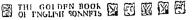
Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green, And the pale weaver, through his windows seen In Spitalfields, lool ed thrice dispirited

I met a preaches there I knew, and said
'Ill and o erworked, how fare you in this scene?
'Blavely, said he 'for I of late have been
Much cheered with thoughts of Christ, the fiving bread'

O human soul! as long as thou canst so Set up a mark of everlasting light, Above the howing senses' cbb and flow,

To cheer thee and to right thee if thou roam, Not with lost toil thou labourest through the night! Thou mak it the heaven thou hop it indeed thy home





WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE

Liki a musician, that with flying finger Startles the voice of some new instrument. And, though he I now that in one string are blant All its extremes of sound, jet still doth linger Among the lighter threads, fearing to start The deep soul of that one melodious wire, Lost it, unanswering, dash his high desire, And spoil the hopes of his expectant heart ,-Thus with my mistices oft conversing, I Stir every lighter theme with careless voice, Gathering sweet imise and celestial 1015 From the harmonious soul o'er which I fly, Yet out the one deep master chord I hover, And dare not stoop, tearing to tell-I love her





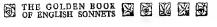
WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE TO A FRIEND

San soul, whom God, resuming what He gave,
Medicines with bitter anguish of the tomb.
Cease to oppress the portals of the grave,
And strain thy aching sight across the gloom
The surged Atlantics winter-beaten wave
Shall sconer pierce the purpose of the wind
Than thy storm-tossed and heavy-swelling mind
Grasp the full import of his means to save
Through the dark night he still, God's faithful grace
Lies hid, like morning, underneath the sea

Let thy slow hours roll, like these weary stars, Down to the level ocean patiently, Trill his loved hand shall touch the Eastern bars,

Till his loved hand shall touch the Eastern bais. And his full glory shine upon thy face.





JULIAN FANE

How many a year hath Time, with felon hand, Filched from the sum of my allotted days, Alas, with no performance that may stand In warrant of a well earned meed of praise! Time hath the forchead of my life belined, And clipt my youth with his accursed shears, Hath made companionable Joy unkind,

And taught mine eyes the fellowship of tears
His false hands falsely have my mind assailed,
Thence stealing many a secret of sweet pleasure,
But his foiled fingers nothing have prevailed
Against my heart—the casket of my treasure
My love of thee preserved in its fresh prime,
I, robbed, left rich, how poor a thief is Time!





JULIAN FANE

AD MATREM

O VISIONED face unutterably fair,
How oft when blackness muffled up the night,
And tempest laden was the surcharged air,
Noi any hope appeared of starry light,
How often, lucent as the full faced moon,
When suddenly she rends the clouded fleece.

When suddenly she rends the clouded fleece, Hath thy sweet influence, like an unhoped hoor, Turned dark to bright, and tempest into peace!

Queen of my night of sorrows hast thou heen,

Whose countenance of good all cvil mais, Knowing to crown with hopeful light serene

Earth's darksome vault when most forloin of stars, And to convert clouds bodeful of despair To silver-suited omens good and fair



JOHN, LORD HANMER

THE OLD FISHER

Thou art a fisher of Mazorbo, lone, Dufting a usual shadow o'er the sea, With thine old boat, that, like a barkless tree, Creaks in the wind, a pitchless dreary moan, And there thy life and all thy thoughts have flown, Pouncing on ciabs in shallows, till thy knee, Crooked as thens, now halts unsteadily, Going about to move the anchor stone. And when the waves roll inward from the east. Takest thy net, and for some few sardines Toil'st in the morning's wild and chilly ray, Then dost thou go to where you bell tower leans, And in the sunshine sit, the poor man's feast, Else abstinent in thy poverty, all the day



JOHN, LORD HANMER

Wn stand upon the moonsh mountain side
From age to age, a solemn company,
There are no voices in our paths, but we
Hear the great whirlwinds roaring loud and wide,
And like the sea waves have our boughs replied,
From the beginning, to their stormy glee.
The thunder rolls above us, and some tree
Smites with his bolt, yet doth the race abide,
Answering all times, but joy ous when the sun
Glints on the peaks that clouds no longer bear,
And the young shoots to flourish have begun,
And the quick seeds through the blue odorous air
From the expanding comes fall one by one,
And slience as in temples dwelleth there





DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

LOVESIGHT

When do I see thee most, beloved one?

When in the light the spirits of mine eyes

Refore thy face, their altai, solemnize

The worship of that Love through thee made known?

Or when in the dusk hours, (we two alone,)

Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies

Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,

And my soul only sees thy soul its own?

O love, my love! if I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,—
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?





DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI THE PORTRAIT

O Lone of all compassionate control,
O Love! let this my lady's pacture glow
Under my hand to praise her name, and show
Even of her inner self the perfect whole.
That he who seeks her beauty's furthest goal,
Beyond the light that the sweet glances throw
And refluent wave of the sweet smile, may know
The very sky and sea-line of her soul.

Lo' it is done. Above the enthroning throat
The mouth's mould testifies of voice and kiss,
The shadowed eyes remember and foresee.
Her face is made her shrine. Let all men note
That in all years (O Love, thy gift is this')
They that would look on her must come to me.



THE GOLDEN BOOK ST ST ST ST

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI THE MORROW'S MESSAGE

'Thou Ghost,' I said, 'and is thy name To day'—
Yesterday's son, with such an abject brow!—
And can To morrow be more pale than thou?'
While yet I spoke, the silence answered 'Yea,
Henceforth our issue is all grieved and grey,
And each beforehand makes such poor avow
As of old leaves beneath the budding bough
Or night-drift that the sundawn shreds eway'

Then cried I 'Mother of many mahsons,
O Earth, receive me to thy dusty bed!'
But therewithal the tremulous silence said
'Lo! Lore yet bids thy lady greet thee once'—
Yea, twice,—whereby thy life is still the sun's;
And thrice,—whereby the shadow of death is dead.'

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

SLEEPLESS DREAMS

Giar in dark growths, yet glimmering with one star, O night, desirous as the nights of youth Why should my heart within thy spell, forsooth, Now beat, as the brides finger-pulses are Quickened within the gridling golden bar? What wings are these that fan my pillow smooth? And why does Sleep, waved back by Joy and Ruth, Fread softly 10und and gaze at me from far ?

Nay, night deep leaved! And would Love feign in thee

Some shadowy palpitating grove that bears

Rest for man's eyes and music for his ears? O louely night! art thou not known to me.

A thicket hung with masks of mockery

And watered with the wasteful warnith of tears?





DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

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And thrice,—whereby the shadow of death is dead'

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI SLEEPLESS DREAMS

Girs in dark growths, yet glummering with one star, O night, desirous as the nights of youth!

Why should my heart within thy spell, forsooth, Now heat, as the biide's finger-pulses are

Quickened within the guilling golden bar?

What wings are these that fan my pillow smooth?

And why does Sleep, waved back by Joy and Ruth,

Tread softly round and gase at me from far?

Nay, night deep leaved! And would Love feigh in thee

Some shadowy palpitating grove that bears Rest for man's eyes and music for his ears?

O lonely might art thou not known to me,

A thicket hung with masks of mockery

And watered with the wasteful warmth of tears?





DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

I sar with Love upon a woodside well,
Leaung across the water, I and he,
Nor ever did he speak nor looked at me,
But touched his lute wherein was audible
The certain secret thing he had to tell
Only our mirrored eyes met silently
In the low wave, and that sound came to be
The passionate voice I knew, and my tears fell

And at their fall, his eyes beneath grew hers,
And with his foot and with his wing-feathers
He swept the spring that watered my heart's drouth
Then the dark ripples spread to waving hair,
And as I stooped, her own lips riving there
Bubbled with brimming kisses at my mouth



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI WILLOWWOOD II

And now Love sang but his was such a song,
So meshed with half remembrance hard to free,
As souls disused in death's sterility
May sing when the new birthday tarries long
And I was made aware of a dumb throng

That stood aloof, one form by every tree, All mournful forms, for each was I or she, The shades of those our days that had no tongue

They looked on us, and knew us and were known, While fast together, alive from the abyss, Clung the soul-wrung implacable close kiss, And pity of self through all made broken moan Which said, 'For once, for once, for once alone!' And still Love sang, and what he sang was this —



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CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

REMEMBER

RIMI MIER me when I am gone away, Goue far away into the silent land, When you can no more hold me by the hand, Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay Remember me when no more, day by day, You tell me of our future that you planned Only remember me you understand, It will be late to counsel then or pray Yet if you should forget me for a while And afterwards remember, do not grieve For if the darkness and corruption leave A vestige of the thoughts that once I had, Better by far you should forget and smile Than that you should remember and be sad



CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

AFTER DEATH

The curtains were half drawn, the floor was swept
And stiewn with rushes, rosemary and may
Lay thick upon the bed on which I lay,
Where through the lattice ivy slindows crept.
He leaned above me, thinking that I slept
And could not hear him, but I heard him say
'Poor child, poor child '' and as he turned away
Came a deep silence, and I knew he wept
He did not touch the shroud, or raise the fold
That hid my face, or take my hand in his,
Or ruffle the smooth pillows for my head
He did not love me hing, but once dead
He pitted me, and very sweet it is
To know he still is warm, though I am cold





CHRISTINA ROSSETTI FROM SUNSET TO STAR RISE

Go from me, summer friends, and tarry not,
I am no summer friend, but wintry cold,
A silty sheep benighted from the fold,
A silty sheep benighted from the fold,
A sluggard with a thorn choked garden plot
Take counsel, sever from my lot your lot,
Dwell in your pleasant places, hoard your gold,
Lest you with me should shiver on the wold,
Athirst and hungering on a barien spot
For I have hedged me with a thorny hedge,
I live alone, I look to die alone
Yet sometimes when a wind sighs through the sedge
Ghosts of my buried years and friends come back,
My heart goes sighing after swallows flown



On sometime summer's unreturning track



CHRISTINA ROSSETTI LOVE LIES BLEEDING

Love that is dead and buried, yesterday
Out of his grave rose up before my face,
No recognition in his look, no trace
Of memory in his eyes dust dimmed and grey
While I, remembering, found no word to say,
But felt my quickened heart leap in its place,
Caught afterglow thrown back from long set days,
Caught echoes of all music passed away
Was this indeed to meet ?—I mind me yet
In youth we met when hope and love were quick,
We parted with hope dead, but love alive
I mind me how we parted then heart sick,
Remembering, loving, hopeless, weak to stille —





CHRISTINA ROSSETTI VANITY OF VANITIES

AH, woe is me for pleasure that is vain,
Ah, woe is me for glory that is past,
Pleasure that bringeth soriow at the last,
Glory that at the last bringeth no gain
So saith the sinking heart, and so again
It shall say till the mighty angel blast
Is blown, making the sun and moon aghast,
And showering down the stars like sudden rain
And evermore men shall go fearfully,

And ancient men shall he down wearily,
And strong men shall rise up in weariness
Yea, even the young shall answer sighingly,
Saying one to another How vain it is 1

Bending beneath their weight of heaviness,





ALEXANDER SMITH

BEACTY still walketh on the earth and air .

Our present sursets are as uch in gold
As ere the Hads music was out-rolled.
The roses of the Spring are ever fair,
Mong branches green still ring-doves coo and pair,
And the deep sea still foams its music old.
So, if we are at all divinely souled,
This beauty will inloose out bonds of care
"Its pleasant, when blue skies are o'er us bending.
Within old starry gated Poesy,
To meet a soul set to no worldly tune,
Like thine, sweet Friend! Oh, dearer this to me
Than are the dewy trees, the sun, the moon,
Or noble music with a golden ending



THE GOLDEN BOOK A S S S S S

SEBASTIAN EVANS religio poetæ

HLLP thou, but be not holpen If need be, Give men what ware thou hast worth gold, for gold, And, so thy tale of ware be truly told, Buy Freedom as thou wilt,—but be thou free! Here close thy count with man Save this to thee Be there no reckoning made of bought and sold, But live the life God gives thee, and withhold Thy nobler hand from aught of earthly fee Stand four square to the world for praise or blame Deserve, but touch no guerdon Name and fame, Titles and useless wealth, leave thou to them Who can be paid thereby Such be not thou! True work, true love can spare the laurelled brow The great are greatest with no diadem

ROBERT, EARL OF LYTTON EVENING

Annan evening! In the dushiest nook
Of you dush coiner, under the Death's head,
Between the alembies, thing this legended,
And from bound, and melancholy book,
For I will read no longer The loud brook
Shelves his sharp light up shallow banks thin spread,
The slumbrous west grows slowly red, and red
Up from the upened corn her silver hook.
The moon is lifting and deliciously
Along the warm blue hills the day declines
The first star brightens while she waits for me,
And round her swelling heart the rone grows tight
Musing, half-sad, in her soft hair she twines
The white rose, whippering, 'He will come to night!'













JAMES THOMSON

A RECUSANT

THE Church stands there beyond the orchard blooms How yearningly I gaze upon its spire! Lifted mysterious through the twilight glooms, Dissolving in the sunset's golden fire, Or dim as slender incense morn by morn Ascending to the blue and open sky For ever when my heart feels most forlown It murmurs to me with a weary sigh, How sweet to enter in, to kneel and pray With all the others whom we love so well! All disbelief and doubt might pass away, All peace float to us with its Sabbath bell Conscience replies, There is but one good rest, Whose head is pillowed upon Truth's pure breast





JOHN LEICESTER WARREN, LORD DE TABLEY ECHOES OF HELLAS

O CHOIR of Tempe mute these many years,
O fountain lutes of lyric Hippocrene,
On whose polluted brink no Muse is seen
No more between the gleaning vales one bears
Apollo's footfall or the sobbing tears
Of Daphne, budding finger-tips of green.
No nymphe are bathing with their huntress Queen
In the warm shallows of the mountain mercs

Great Pan 1s dead he perished long ago
His reedy pipes these uplands never heard
What trembling sounds from yonder coppiec come?
Some ravished queen, who tells the dale her woe?
Nay, since the maids Preisan here are dumb,
The nightingale is nothing but a bird



JOHN LEICESTER WARREN, LORD DE TABLEY

THE SAINT AND THE SUN

I HEARD a Saint cry to the Sun—'Be dim.
Why shouldst thou rule on high with boastful ray,
Till fools adore thee as the God of Day,
Robbing thy master's honour due to him?'
But the sun-spirit, thro'each radiant himb
Translucent as a living ember coal,
Glowed At the anger of the scraph soul
His golden orb trembled from boss to rim

Then made he answer as a dove that sings, 'God's glory is my glory, and my praise Only his praising. They, who kneel to me, See thro' the waving of my orient wings. A choir of stars with voices like the sea, Singing hosanna in the heavenly ways'



JOHN LEICESTER WARREN, LORD DE TABLEY

THE TWO OLD KINGS

Is ruling well what guerdon? Life runs low, As yonder lamp upon the bour glass hes, Waning and wasted We are great and wise, But Love is gone, and Silence seems to grow Along the misty road where we must go From summits near the morning star's uprise, Death comes, a shadow from the northern skies, As, when all leaves are down, thence comes the snow

Brother and King, we hold our last carouse One loving cup we drain and then farewell The night is spent. The crystal morning ray Calls us, as soldiers Funcled on our brows, To match undainted, while the claims swell, Heroic hearts, upon our lonely way











WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

THE UNIVERSE VOID

Revolving worlds, revolving systems, yea, Revolving firmaments, nor there we end Systems of firmaments revolving, send Our thoughts across the Infinite astray, Gasping and lost and terrified, the day Of life, the goodly interests of home, Shrivelled to nothing that unbounded dome Pealing still on, in blind fatality

No rest is there for our soul's winged feet, She must return for shelter to her ark— The body, fair, frail, death born, incomplete, And let her bring this truth back from the dark Life is self centred, man is nature's god Space, time, are but the walls of his abode

RICHARD GARNETT

AGE

I will not rail or grieve when torpid eld
Frosts the slow journeying blood, for I shall see
The lovelier leaves hang yellow on the tree,
The numble brooks in toy fetters held
Methinks the aged eye that first beheld
Pale Autumn in her waning pageantry,
Then knew himself, dear Nature, child of thee,
Marking the common doom, that all compelled

If, dying these, we draw a selfish breath,
But one path travel all their multitudes,
And none dispute the solemn voice that saith
'Sun to thy setting, to your autumn, woods,
Stream to thy sea, and man unto thy death!'

No kindred we to thy beloved broods,





RICHARD GARNETT THE TAPER

This little light is not a little sign Of duteous service innocent of blame, Contented with obscurity till came Mandate that as a star her beam should shine On sickness did she wait, or scribe, or shrine,

The law of her beneficence the same.

Somewhat to sunder from her fragile frame, Something of her own being to resign

So wasted now, that, let the lustre be Resummoned but once more, the fuel dies,

Yet virtues six adorn her brevity. Singly too seldom met of mortal eyes,

Discretion, faithfulness, frugality, Purity, vigilance, self sacrifice



THE GOLDEN BOOK SO SO SO SO SO

RICHARD GARNETT

WRITTEN IN MILES 'POETS OF THE CENTURY"

I saw the youthful singers of my day To sound of lutes and lyres in morning hours Trampling with eager feet the teeming flowers, Bound for Fame's temple upon Music's way

A happy band, a folk of holiday

But some lay down and slept among the bowers Some turned aside to fanes of alien Powers, Some Death took by the hand and led away Now gathering twilight clouds the land with grey. Yet, where last light is lit, last pilgrims go, Outlined in gliding shade by dying glow, And fain with weary fortitude essay

The last ascent The end is hid, but they Who follow on my step shall surely know











THOMAS ASHE THE BROOK

Brook, happy brook, that glidest through my dell That tuppest with soft feet across the mead. That, laughing on, a mary course dost lead, O er pebble beds, and reeds, and rush, swell Go by that cottage where my love doth dwell Ripple thy sweetest ripple, sing the best Of melodies thou hast full her to rest. With such sweet tales as thou dost love to tell Say, 'One is sitting in your wood to night, O maiden rare, to catch a glimpse of you, A shadow fleet, or but a window light, Shall make him glad, and thrill his sprit through' Brook, happy brook, I pray, go lingering, And underneath the rosy lattice sing



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE TO THEODORE WATTS DUNTON

TO THEODORE WATTS DUNTON
(DEDICATION "TRISTRAM OF LYONESSE
AND OTHER POEMS")

Spring speaks again, and all our woods are stured, And all our wide glad wastes allower around,

That twice have heard keen April's clarion sound Since here we first together saw and heard

Spring s light reverberate and resterate word

Sline forth and speak in season—Life stands crowned Here with the best one thing it ever found, As of my soul's best birthdays dawns the third

There is a friend that as the wise man sorth Cleaves closer than a brother mor to me Hath time not shown, through days like waves at strife.

This truth more sure than all things else but death, This pear most perfect found in all the sea

That washes toward your feet these wash of life The Pines April 1882



THE GOLDEN BOOK W W W W W

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

A REMINISCENCE (PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON)

The rose to the wind has yielded—all its leaves—Lie strewn on the graveyard grass, and all their light—And colour and fragrance leave our sense and sight—Bereft as a man whom bitter time believes.

Of blossom at once and hope of gainered sheaves,
Of April at once and August—Day to night—Calls waiting, and life to death, and depth to beight,
And soul upon soul of man that hears and grieves

Who knows, though he see the snow-cold blossom shed,
If haply the heart that burned within the rose,
The spirit in sense, the life of life be dead?
If haply the wind that slays with storning snows
Be one with the wind that quickens? Bow thine head,
O Sayawa and approximate with thine head,

O Sorrow, and commune with thine heart who knows?





ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE TRANSFIGURATION

But half a man's days—and his days were nights

What bearts were ours who loved him, should we pray
That night would yield him back to daikling day,
Sweet doubt that scothes, to life that spoils and smites?
For now, perchance, life lovelier than the light's
That shed no confort on his weary way

Shows him what none may dream to see or say
Ere yet the soul may scale those topless heights

Where death lies dead, and triumph Haply there Already may his kindling eyengut find

Faces of friends—no face than his more fair—
And first among them found of all his kind
Milton, with crowns from Eden on his hair.

And eyes that meet a brother a now not blind

et a brought a now hot man





ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE THE LAST WORD

So many a dream and hope that went and came,
So many and sweet, that love thought like to be,
Of hours as bright and soft as those for me
That made our hearts for song's sweet love the same,
Lue now struck dead, that hope seems one with shame
O Death, thy name is Love we know it, and see
The witness yet for very love's sake we
Can hardly bear to mix with thine his name

Philip, how haid it is to bid thee part
Thou knowest, if aught thou knowest where now thou art
Of us that foved and love thee — None may tell
What none but knows—how hard it is to say
The word that seals up sorron, darkens day,
And bids fare forth the soul it bids farewell



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

TO DR JOHN BROWN

Beyond the north wind lay the land of old

Where men dwelt blithe and blameless, clothed and

fed

With joy's bright raiment and with love's sweet bread, The whitest flock of earth's maternal fold

The whitest flock of earth's maternal fold
None there might wear about his brows enrolled

A light of loveliet fame than rings your head. Whose lovesome love of children and the dead

All men give thanks for I far off behold
A dear dead hand that links us, and a light
The blithest and beingnest of the night,

The night of death's sweet sleep, wherein may be A star to show your spirit in present right

Some happier island in the Elysian sea Where Rab may lick the hand of Marjorie



THE GOLDEN BOOK A B A B B B B B







ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE ON THE DEATH OF PORERT PROWNING

A graceless doom it seems that bids us grieve Venice and winter, hand in deadly hand, Have slain the lover of her sunbright strand And singer of a stormbright Christmas Eve. A graceless guerdon we that loved receive For all our love, from that the dearest land Love worshipped ever Blithe and soft and bland, Too fair for storm to scathe or fire to cleave, Shone on our diesms and memories evermore The domes, the towers, the mountains and the shore

That gird or guard thee, Venice · cold and black Seems now the face we loved as he of yore

We have given thee love-no stint, no stay, no lack What gift, what gift is this thou hast given us back?





JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS THE SEA CALLS

Away, away! The ruffling breezes call,
The slack waves uppling at the smooth flat keel,
The swanlike swering of the queenly steel.
The sails that flap against their masts and fall,
The dip of oars in time, the musical

Cry of the statue poised lithe gendelier,
The scent of seaweeds from the sea girt mere,
The surge that frets on Malamotco's wall,
The soutary gun San Giorgio peals,

The murrourous pigeons, pensioners of St Mark, The deep tongues of the slender campamiles, The song that fitful floats across the dark

All sound, all sights all scents born of the sea, Venezia call and call me back to thee!



JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

Remain me not! I have nor wish nor skill

To alter one han's breadth in all this house

Of Love, rising with domes so luminous

And air-built galleries on hie's topmost hill!

Only I know that fate, chance, years that kill,

Change that transmutes, have aimed their darts at us,

Envying each lovely shrine and amorous

Realed on earth's soil by man's too passionate will.

Dread thou the moment when these glittering towers,

These adamantine walls and gates of gems,

Shall fade like forms of sun-forsaken cloud,

When dulled by imperceptible chill hours,

When dulled by imperceptible chill hours,

The golden spires of our Jerusalems

Shall melt to mist and vanish in night's shroud!









JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

Music on Venice and the thought of thee. Thou resolute angel, sleep o'erspread my brain . Brief solace blossomed from the root of pain, For m my dream thou wert at one with me No longer rostless like that clear blue sea, No longer lost in schemes of soidid gain, No longer unattainable by strain Of futile arms and false love's mockery. But tranguil, with thy large eyes fixed on mine, Love's dove wings moving on thy soul's abyss. Thy has half opened, and thy breast divine Scarce heaving with an unacknowledged bliss. And all the golden glosy that is thine. Communicated in a long close kiss



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JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

NEVER, oh never more shall I behold

A sunrise on the glacier —stars of moin
Paling in primrose round the crystal hoin,
Soft curves of crimson mellowing into gold
O'ei sapphire chasm, and silvery snow field cold,
Fire that o er-floods the hoizon, beacons borne
From wind-woin peak to storm-swept peak foilorn,
Clear hallelujahs through heaven's arches rolled
Never, on never moie these feet shall feel
The firm elastic tissue of upland turf,
Oi the cusp edge of the high rocks, or ching
Where the embattled chiffs beneath them reel
Through cloud-wreaths eddying like the Atlantic suif,
Far, far above the wheeling eagle's wing



JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

TO NIGHT

THE MOTHER OF SLERP AND DEATH

On Mother, holiest Mother, Mother Night!
Thou on thy matble throne of abon hue
Hast still the everlasting stars in view,
The slumbering earth and dusk heavens infinite!
Turn thou those veiled eyes where never light
Shone rudely yet, but dim purpured blue
Broods in the dawn of moonbeams, on these two

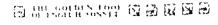
Dread angels folded on thy bosom white — Sleep and his twin born Death, entwined, embraced, Mingling soft breath, deep dicams dark poppied hair, Lips pressed to hips, and hands in hands enlaced,

Thy children and our comforters, the pair

From whom poor men, by earth enslaved debased,

Find freedom and surmount their life's despan





JOHN ADDINGTON 5YMONDS MORGINED

golect zen n

Ar Marris I the commert little cut. To well upon the coldend chica bills, Follow the commented me around out.

Their pain of a the and to minerall

Beamented with intolerable hight

The mone period and above they ron on ror Arring, each no raph in his micht,

An organ cach of varied top doth blow

Herein's a are done trembles through all her spheres. Leeling that nuise subrate, and the Sun

Ruses his tenor as he upward steers.

And all the clory-co sted mists that run

And all the glory-coated mists that run beneath him in the valley, hear his voice, And cry unto the deny fields. Rejone?



THE GOLDEN BOOK SO SE SE SE

MATHILDE BLIND

THE DEAD

Tan dead abide with us! Though stark and cold Larth seems to grip them, they are with us still They have forged our chains of being for good or ill, And their invisible hands these hands yet hold Our perishable bodies are the mould

In which their strong imperishable will— Mortality's deep yearning to fulfil—

Hath grown incorporate through dim time untold

Vibrations infinite of life in death,
As a star's travelling light survives its star'
So may we hold on lives, that when we are
The fate of those who then will draw this breath.
They shall not drag us to their judgment bar,
And curse the heistage which we hequeath





MATHILDE BLIND

Around this lichened home of hoary peace,
Invulnerable in its glassy moat,
A breath of ghostly summers seems to float
And murmur mid the immemorial trees
The tender slopes where cattle brov se at ease,
Swell softly, like a pigeon's emerald thoat
And, self oblivious, Time forgets to note

The flight of velvet footed centuries

The golden sunshine, netted in the close,
Sleeps indolently by the News slow shade,
Still, as some relic an old Master made
The jewelled peacocks rich enamel glows
And on you mossy wall that youthful rose
Blooms like a rose which never means to fade



THE GOLDEN BOOK A S S S S

ROBERT BUCHANAN WHEN WE ARE ALL ASLEEP

When He returns, and finds the World so dreat— All sleeping,—young and old, unfair and fair, Will He stoop down and whisper in each car, 'Awaken' or for pity's sake forbeat,— Saying, 'How shall I meet their flozen stare Of wonder, and their eyes so full of fear? How shall I comfort them in their despair, If they ery out, "Too late! let us sleep here"?' Perchance He will not wake us up, but when

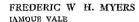
He sees us look so happy in our rest,
Will minimu, 'Poor dead women and dead men'
Dire was then doom, and weary was their quest
Wherefore awake them unto hie agam?
Let them sleep on untroubled—ht is best'











DIM in the moon wide-weltering Humber flowed, Shone the sare lights on Humber's reaches low, And thou wert waking, where one lone light glowed, Whose love made all my bliss, whose woe my woe Borne as on Fate s own stream, from thine abode I with that tide must journey sad and slow. In that tall ship on Humber's hearing road Dream for the night and with the morning go

Yet thro' this lifelong dimness desolate, O Love, thy star within me fades not so. On that lone light I gaze, and wondering wait, Since life we lost, if death be ours or no. Yea, toward thee moving on the flood of Fate. Dream for the night, but with the moun will go



THE COLDEN BOOK A B W B

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS A CHILD OF THE AGE

On for a voice that in a single song
Could quiver with the hopes and moan the fears
And speak the speechless secret of the years,
And rise, and sink, and at the last be strong!
On for a trumpet-call to stir the throng
Of doubtful fighting men, whose eyes and cars
Watch till a banner in the Last appears,
And the skies ring that bave been still so long!
O ago of mine, if one could time for thee
A marching music out of this thy woe!
If we could climb upon a hill and see
Thy gates of promise on the plain below,
And gaze a minute on the bluss to be
And, knowing it, be satisfied to know!





EDWARD DOWDEN

Why do I sing? I know not why, my friend,
The ancient rivers, rivers of ienown,
A royal largess to the sea roll down,
And on those liberal highways nations send
Their tributes to the world,—stored corn and wine,
Gold dust, the wealth of pearls, and orient spar,
And myrih, and ivory, and cinnabar,
And dyes to make a presence-chamber shine
But in the woodlands, where the wild flowers are,
The rivulets, they must have their innocent will,
Who all the summer hours are singing still,
The birds care for them, and sometimes a star,
And should a tired child rest beside the stream
Sweet memories would slide into his dream



EDWARD DOWDEN

COACHING, IN SCOTLAND

Where have I been this perfect summer day,—
Or fortinght is it, since I rose from bed,
Devoured that hippered fish, the oatmeal bread,
And mounted to this box? O bowl away,
Swift stagers, through the dust, I will not say
'Enough,' nor care where I have been or be,
Nor know one name of hill, or lake, or lea,
Or moor or glen! Were not the clouds at play
Nameless among the hills, and fair as drams?
On such a day we must love things, not words,
And memory take or leave them as they are
On such a day! What unimagined streams
Are in the world, how many haunts of birds,
What fields and flowers,—and what an evening Star!





EDWARD DOWDEN

THE CASTLE

The tenderest hipple touched and touched the shore. The tenderest light was in the western sky.—
Its one soft phrase, closing reluctantly,
The sea atticulated o'er and o'er.
To comfort all tired things; and one might pore,
Till mere oblivion took the heart and eye,
On that slow-fading amber radiancy
Past the long levels of the ocean-floor.
A turn,—the castle fronted me, four-square,
Holding its seaward crag, abrupt, intense
Against the west, an apparation bold
Of naked human will. I stood aware,
With sea and sky, of powers unowned of sense,
Presences awful, rast, and uncontrolled.



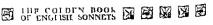


ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY

O woman, whose familiar face I hold
In my most sacred thought as in a ahrine,
Who in my memories art become divine—
Dost thou remember now those years of old,
When out of all thine own life thou didst mould
This life and breathe thy heart in this of mine,
Winning, for faith in that fair work of thine,
to rest and be in heaven —Alas, behold!—
Another woman coming after thee

Hath had small pity,—with a wanton kiss Hath quite consumed my heart and ruined this The life that was thy work O Mother, see, Thou hast lived all in vain, done all aimss, Come down from heaven again, and die with ma!





ANDREW LANG

THE ODYSSLY

As one that for a weary space has lam
Lulled by the song of Cree and her wine
In gardens near the pale of Proseipine,
Where that Arean isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine,—
As such an one vice glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips and the large air again,—
So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
Mon turn and see the stars, and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
And through the music of the languid hours,
They hear like ocean on a western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey



ANDREW LANG

RION

THE wail of Moschus on the mountains crying The Muses heard, and loved it long ago, They heard the hollows of the hills replying, They heard the weeping water's overflow ,

They winged the sacred strain—the song undying, The song that all about the world must go, When poets for a poet dead are sighing. The minstrels for a minstrel friend laid low.

And dirge to dirge that answers, and the weeping For Adonals by the summer sen, The plaints for Licidas, and Thyrsis (sleeping Far from 'the forest ground called Thessaly ')-

These hold thy memory, Bion, in their keeping, And are but echoes of the moan for thee





EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON

A SUDDEN pang contracts the heart of day, As fades the glory of the sunken sun The bats replace the swallows one by one, The cries of playing children die away

Lake one in pain, a bell begins to sway.

A few white oxen, from their labour done,
Pass ghostly through the dusk, the crone that spun
Beside her door, turus in, and all grows grey.

And still I lie, as I all day have lain, Here in this gaiden, thinking of the time Before the years of helplessness and pain,

Or playing with the fringes of a rhyme, Until the yellow moon, amid her train Of throbbing stars, appears o'er yonder lime





EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON SUNKEN GOLD

Iv dim green depths not ingot laden ships,
While gold doubloons, that from the drowned hand fell,
Lie neetled in the ocean flower's bell
With Love's old grifts, once hassed by long drowned lips,

And round some wrought gold cup the sea grass whips And hides lost pearls, near pearls still in their shell, Where sea weed forests fill each ocean dell,

And seek dim sunlight with their restless tips

So lie the wasted gifts, the long lo-t hopes, Beneath the now hushed surface of myself, In lonelier depths than where the diver gropes

They he deep, deep, but I at times behold In coubtful glimpses, on some reefy shelf, The gleam of urecoverable gold





EUGENE LEE HAMILTON

'Tis Christmas, and we gaze with downhent head On something that the post has brought too late To reach thee, Mimma, through the narrow gate, Thom one who did not know that thou art dead,

A picture book, to play with on thy bed, And we, who should have heard thee laugh and prate So busily, art here at war with Late, And turn the pages silently instead

O that I knew thee playing 'neath God's eyes, With the small souls of all the dewy flowers. That strewed thy grave, and died at Autumn's breath.

Or with the phantom of the doll that lies Beside thee for Eternity's long hours. In the dim nursery that mon call Death!





EUGENE LEE HAMILTON

Wr. search the darkness from the villa's height, Guessing where cupola and dome and spire Of Florence lie, till eyes begin to tire Mid the illusive shadows of the night

Then suddenly there sparkles into sight A mighty dome, rimmed round in points of fire, Its segments outlined as by glowing wire, And fairy towers follow, hery bright

An evanescent city built of stars, The fair illumination of an hour. Born of the night, and quenched before the dawn

Lake the bright dream on Lafe's houson bars That held us for a moment in its power, Erc Death's dark curtain over it was drawn





DAVID M MAIN TO A PAYOURITE EVENING RETREAT

O nown wild hill side, that hast been a power
Not less than books, greater than preachers art,
To heal my wounded spirit, and my heart
Retaine to geatle thoughts, that hour on hiner
Must languish in the city, like a flower
In majside dust, while on the subject mart
We squander for seant gold our better part
From morn till eve, in flost, and sun, and shower!
My soul bleaks into singing as I haste,
Diy's labour ended, towards thy sylvan shine
Of rustling beech, hawthorn, and eglantine,
And, wandering in thy shade, I dream of thee



As of green pastures 'mid the desert waste, Wells of sweet water in the lutter sea



GEORGE JOHN ROMANES

Be it not mine to steal the cultured flower From any garden of the rich and great,
Nor seek with care, through many a weary hour,
Some novel form of wonder to create
Enough for me the leafy woods to rove,
And gather simple cups of morning dew,
Or, in the fields and meadows that I love,
Find beauty in their bells of every hue
Thus round my cottage floats a fragrant an,
And though the rustic plot be humbly laid,
Yet, like the likes gladly growing there,
I have not toiled, but take what God has made
My Lord Ambition passed, and smiled in scorn
I plucked a rose, and, lo' it had no thorn





DAVID M MAIN TO A PAYOURITE EVENING RETREAT

O 10110 wild bill side, that hast been a power
Not less than books, greater than preachers art,
To heal my wounded spirit, and my heart
Retune to gentle thoughts, that hour on hour
Must languish in the city, like a flower
In wayside dust, while on the vulgar mart
We squander for scant gold our better part
From morn till eve, in flost, and sun, and shower!
My soul breaks into singing as I haste,
Day's labour ended, towards thy sylvan shrine
Of rusting beech, hawthorn, and eglantine,
And, wandering in thy shade, I dream of thee



As of green pastures and the desert waste, Wells of sweet water in the bitter sea



GEORGE JOHN ROMANES

Be it not mine to steal the cultured flower.

From any garden of the rich and great,
Nor seek with care, through many a neary hour,
Some novel form of wonder to create
Enough for me the leafy woods to rove,
And gather simple cups of morning dew,
Or, in the fields and meadows that I love,
Find beauty in their bells of every hue
Thus round my cottage floats a fragrant air,
And though the ristup plot be humbly laid,
Yet, like the lines gladly growing there,
I have not broked, but take what God has made
My Lord Ambriton passed, and smiled in soom
I plucked a rose, and, lo' it had no thorn





NOT THOU BUT I

In must have been for one of us, my own,
To drink this cup and eat this bitter bread
Had not my tears upon thy face been shed,
Thy tears had dropped on mine, if I alone
Did not walk now, thy spirit would have known
My loneliness, and did my feet not tread
This weary path and steep, thy feet had bled
For mine, and thy mouth had for mine made moan

And so it comforts me, yea, not in vain,

To think of thine eternity of sleep,

To know thme eyes are temless though mme weep And when this cup's last bitterness I drain,

One thought shall still its primal sweetness keep,— Thou hadst the peace and I the undying pain





THY lips are quiet, and thine eyes are still,

FIRST AND LAST KISS

Cold, colorless, and sad thy placid face,
Liny form has only now the statute a grace,
My words wake not thy voice, nor can they fill
Thine eyes with light Before fate's mighty will,
Our wills must bow, vet for a little space,
I sit with thee and death, in this lone place,
And hold thy hands that are so white and chill
I always loved thee, though thou didst not know,
But well he knew whose wedded love thou weit

Now thou ut dead, I may raise up the fold
That hides thy face, and, oer thee bending low,
For the first time and last before we part,
Kiss the curved lips—calin, beautiful, and cold





A DREAM

Herr, where last night she came,—even she, for whom I would so gladly live, or he down dead,— Came in the likeness of a Dieam, and said Such words as thrilled this desolate ghost through room.

I sit alone now, in the absolute gloom

Ah, surely on her breast was leaned my head
Ah, surely on my mouth her kiss was shed,

And all my life broke into scent and bloom

Give thanks, heart, for thy rootless flower of bliss.

Nor think the gods severe, though thus they seem—

Though thou hast much to bear and much to miss—
Whilst thou, through nights and days to be, canst
deem

One thing, and that thing veritably this, Imperishable,—the memory of a Dream





To me my life seems as a haunted house,
The ways and passages whereof are dumb,
Up whose decaying stair no footsteps come.
Lo, this the hall hung with sere laured boughs,
Where long years back came victors to carouse
Hat none of all that company went home,
Tor scarce their lips had qualified the bright wines

foam, When sudden Death broke dank upon their brows

Here in this lonely, runned house I dwell, While unseen fingers toll the chapel bell, Sometimes the arres prictes, and I see A half veiled figure through the twilight steal, Which, when I follow, pauses suddenly Before the door whereom is set a seal.





EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY

White sails that on the horizon flash and flee, A moment glinting where the sun has shone, White billows for a moment riding free, Then gulfed in other waves that follow on, White bilds that hurry past so rapidly, Albert no sight more bright to look upon, Like you our little life—we are as ye— A moment sighted, in a moment gone Yet not in vain, oh, not in vain, we live, If we too catch the sinlight in the air, And signal back the beauty ere we sink In that dark hollow men call death, and give To saddened souls that watch us on the brink A gleam of glory, trussient but ian





EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY IN THE GLOISTERS WINCHESTER COLLEGE

I WALKED to day where Past and Present meet,
In that grey closter cloquent of years,
Which ever groweth old, yet ever hears
The same glad echo of unaging feet
Only from brass and stone some quant concert,
The monument of long-forgotten tears,
Whispers of vanished lives, of spent careers,
And hearts that, beating once, have ceased to beat
And as I walked, I heard the boys who played
Beyond the quiet preemet and I said—
'How broad the guif which delving Time has made
Between those happy living and these dead'
And, lo, I spied a grave new-garlanded,
And on the wall a boysh face that prayed



EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY A CRICKET BOWLER

Two minutes' rest till the next man goes in!
The tired arms he with every sinew slack
On the moun grass Unbent the supple back,
And chows apt to make the leather spin
Up the slow bat and round the unwary shin,—
In knaush hands a most unkindly knack,
But no guile shelters under this hoy's black
Crisp hair, frank ayes, and honest English skin
Two minutes only Conscious of a name,
The new man plants bis weapon with profound
Long practiced skill that no mere tirck may scare
Not leth, the rested lad resumes the game
The sining bull tales one madding torthous bound,
And the mid stump three somessaults in air





FRANCIS THOMPSON

AD AMIGAM I

The olive-branch of so long wished rest,
When the white solace glummers through my dark
Of nearing wings, what comfort in my breast I
Oh, may that doubted day not come, not come.
When you shall fail, my beavenly messenger,
And drift into the distance and the doom
Of all my impermissible things that were I
Rather than so, now make the sad farewell,
Which yet may be with not too pained pain
Lest I again the acquainted tale should tell
Of sharpest loss that pays for shortest gain
Ah, if my heart should hear no white wings thill
Against its waiting window, open still

DEAR Dove, that bear'st to my sole-labouring ark



FRANCIS THOMPSON

When from the blossoms of the noiseful day
Unto the live of sicep and hashed gloom
Throng the dim winged dreams—what dreams are they
That with the widest honey hover home?

Oh, they that have from many thousand thoughts Stolen the strange sweet of ever blossomy you,

A thousand fancies in fair-colouied Luots Which you are mexhausted meadow to

Ah, what shaip heathery honey, quick with pan, Do they bring home! It holds the night awake To hear their lovely murmur in my brain,

And Sleep's wings have a trouble for your sake
Day and you down together for, at end,
With the first hight breaks the first thought—
'My frend i'





FRANCIS THOMPSON

O can that lurk'st ungamed in all gain!
O love we just fall short of in all love!
O height that in all heights art still above!
O hearly that dost leave all hearty pain!
Thou unpossessed that mak'st possession vain,
See these strained arms which fright the nimple an,
And say what ultimate fairness holds thee, Fair!
They girdle Heaven, and girdle Heaven in vain.
They shut, and lo! but shut in their unrest
Thereat a voice in me that voiceless was —
'Whom seekest thou through the inimarged arcane,
And not discern'st to thine own bosom prest?
I looked My clasped aims athwart my breast
Framed the august embraces of the Cross





ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

Pass the broad summit of the furrowed wold

The oxen, resting, gave with quiet eyes—
Through the swart shining hide's obscurities
Show, shaiply hewn, the gaunt frame's massive mould,
Wide spread the horis in branching outlines bold—
Solema they stand beneath the broading shies,
Impassive, grave, as guardian derites
Carved on some atone sarcophagus of old

Froud 'neath the yoke bends every stately head. What the' the burden drag, the goad sting gall, Rest is Latth's accompense for each and all, Ours, as for these mute thralls of tauling tread, Emblems of labour unneamorial,

The dignity of toil meannated.





ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

They say our best illusions soonest fly—
Bright, many tinted birds on rambow wing,
Adown the dim dawn valleys vanishing
Long ere out noon be white upon the sky
Nay, never so, in sooth, ourselves go by,
Leaving the sun that shines, the birds that sing,
The hazy, golden glamours of the Spring,
The summer dawning's clear obscurity

O woven solvenes of sun and shade!

O bare brown Downs by grasslands glad and gleen!
Deep, haunted woods, with shadows thick between,
Young leaves, with every year newborn, remade,
Fan are ye still, and fair have ever been—
While we, ephemera, but fail and fade





ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON TO-DAY CLASP close my hand, this little space is ours,

This safe green shore between two bitter seas,
A nariow meadow land of love and ease,
Made musical with birds and fair with flowers
For all the fragiance of the rose hung bowers,
For all the shelter of the dusky trees,
We thank thee, Fortune! Yea, upon our knees

With tears we praise thee for these perfect hours

Look not where Yesterday's dull current laves
The misty sea-board of our landing place—
Clasp close my hand, and turn to me thy face,
Before we tempt To morrow's tossing waves
Yorget, in this dear moment's ceitain grace,

That Time and Fate piess on—and hold us slaves





ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON TO NIGHT

Alas i my heart shrinks chill before To night,
The bilds keep silence now, the air is grey
And salt with leaping foam of Yesterday,
Lashed into fury with the shrill wind's flight
To-day hath shrunk too narrow for delight
Io morrows billows raven for their prey,
Through gathering dusk, low gleaming on its way,
The rolling tide advances, wild and white

Thy mournful face is fading from my sight,
Though still thy hand clings steadfastly in mine
The dawn draws near to bid us both resign
Our storm worn shallop to the tide waves might
Yet this, a little while, was mine and thine—
One green vine garland plucked in Fate's despite



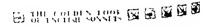
ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON HEREAFTER

SHALL we not weary in the windless days
Hereafter, for the murmui of the sea,
The cool salt air across some grassy lea?
Shall we not go bewildered through a maze
Of stately streets with glittering gems ablaze,
Forlorn amid the pearl and ivory,
Stranning our eyes beyond the bourne to seo
Phantoms from out Lifes dear, forsaken ways?
Give us again the ciazy clay-built nest,
Summei, and soft unseasonable spring,
Our flowers to pluck, our broken songs to sing,

Our farry gold of evening in the West.

Still to the land we love our longings ching,
The sweet, vain world of turnoil and unrest.





WILLIAM MIGHVI ROSSFTTI DIMOCRACY DOWNFRODDIN (190)

How long, O Lord —The voice is counding still Not took he rel beneath the alter stone. Not heard of tohic I van, children stone. In Patinov —It dothers about and will Between the cuthes and and eather and until —The day of the accidence blood, and provident for rightcons blood, and providen should be about a crass on the air with a sudden thrill Not slowly growing funter if the rod.

Still es here or there aimd the evil throng, Or one oppressors hand is stayed and numb Not till the vengennee that is coming comes For shall all hear the sorce excepting God. Or God not listen, hearing?—Lord, how long?





THEODORE WATTS DUNTON COLURDOR

I see thee pine like her in golden story
Who, in her pirson, woke and saw, one day,
The gates thrown open—saw the sunbeams play,
With only a web 'tween her and summer's glory.
Who, when that web—so frail, so transitory,
It broke before her breath—had fallen away,
Saw other webs and others rise for aye
Which kept her prisoned till her hair was hoary
Those songs half sung that yet were all-divine—
That woke Romance, the queen, to reign afresh—
Had been but preludes from that lyre of thine,
Could thy rare spirit's wings have pieted the mesh
Spun by the wizard who compels the flesh,
But lets the poet see how heav'n can shine.











THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

A TALK ON WATERLOO BRIDGE THE LAST SIGHT OF GEORGE BORROW

WE talked of 'Children of the Open Air,' Who once on hill and valley lived aloof, Loving the sun, the wind, the sweet reproof Of storms, and all that makes the fair earth fair, Till, on a day, across the mystic bar Of moonrise, came the 'Children of the Roof,' Who find no balm 'neath evening's rosiest woof, Nor dews of peace beneath the Morning Star

We looked o'er London, where men wither and choke, Roofed in, poor souls, renouncing stars and skies, And lore of woods and wild wind prophecies, Yea, every voice that to their fathers spoke And sweet it seemed to die ere bricks and smoke Leave never a meadon outside Paradise





THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON A DREAM

Benlath the loveleat dream there coils a fear
Last night came she whose eyes are memories now,
Her far off gare seemed all forgetful how
Love drumed them once, so calm they shone and clear,
'Sorrow,' I said, 'has made me old, my dear,
The I, indeed, but grief can change the brow
Beneath my load a sciaph's neck might bow,
Vigils hike mine would blanch an angel's hair'
Oh, then I saw, I saw the sweet hpr move'
I saw the love mists thickening in her eyes—
I heaid a sound as if a murmuring dove
Folt lonely in the dells of Paradise,
But when upon my neck she fell, my love,
Her hair smelt sweet of whin and woodland spice





THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

The Lady of the Hills with crimes untold Followed my feet with azure eyes of prey. By glacier-brink she stood—by cataract spiay—When mists were dire, or avalanch-echoes rolled At night she glimmered in the death-wind cold, And if a footprint shone at break of day. My flesh would quail, but straight my soul would say "This hers whose hand God's mightier hand doth hold" I trod hei snow bridge, for the moon was bright, Hei icide-arch across the sheer crevasse, When lo, she stood! God made her let me pass, Then felled the bridge! Oh, there in sallow light, There down the chasm, I saw her cruel, white, And all my wondrous days as in a glass





THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

NATURA BENIGNA

What power is this? what witchery wins my feet To peaks so sheer they scorn the cloaking snow, All silent as the enerald gulfs below,

Down whose ice-walls the wings of twilight beat?
What thrill of earth and heaven—most wild, most sneet—

What answering pulse that all the senses know, Comes leaping from the ruddy eastern glow Where, far away, the skies and mountains meet? Mother, the I zeborn I know thee well:
That throb I know and all it prophesies,
O Mother and Queen, beneath the olden spell Of silence, gazing from thy hills and skies?
Dumb Mother, struggling with the Jeans to tell The secret at thy heart through helpless eyes.











THEODORE WATTS DUNTON THE WOOD HAUNTERS DREAM

The wild things loved me, but a wood sprite said Though meads are sweet when flowers at morn uncurl.

And woods are sweet with nightingale and merle, Where are the dreams that flushed thy children bed? The Spirit of the Rambow thou wouldst wed 1? I rose, I found her-found a rain-dienched girl Whose eyes of azure and limbs like roseate pearl Coloured the rain above her golden head

But when I stood by that sweet vision's side, I saw no more the Rambon's levely stams, To her by whom the glowing heavens were dyed The sun showed naught but dripping woods and

plams 'God gives the world the Rainbow, her the rains,' The wood sprite laughed 'our seeker finds a bride'



WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

TO-DAY, all day, I rode upon the down,
With hounds and horsemen, a brave company.
On this side in its glory lay the sea,
On that the Sussex weald, a sea of brown.
The wind was light, and brightly the sun shone.
And still we galloped on from gorse to goise
And once, when checked, a thrush sang, and my hoise
Pricked his quick ears as to a sound unknown
I knew the Spring was come. I knew it even
Better than all by this, that through my chase
In bush and stone and hill and sea and heaven
I seemed to see and follow still your face.
Your face my quarry was For it I rode,
My house a thing of wings, myself a god











WILERID SCAWEN BLUNT

FAREWELL TO JULIET

FAREWELL, then It is finished I forego With this all right in you, even that of tears If I have spoken hardly, it will show How much I loved you With you disappears A glory, a romance of many years What you may be henceforth I will not know. The phantom of your presence on my fears Is impotent at length for weal or woe Your past, your present, all alike must fade In a new land of dreams, where love is not Then kiss me and farewell The choice is made. And we shall live to see the past forgot, If not forgiven See, I came to curse, Yet stay to bless I know not which is worse.





WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT ON THE SHORTNESS OF TIME

If I could live without the thought of Death,
Forgetful of Time's waste, the soul's decay,
I would not ask for other joy than breath
With light and sound of birds and the sun's ray,
I could sit on untroubled day by day
Watching the grass grow, and the wild flowers range
From blue to yellow and from red to guey
In natural sequence as the seasons change
I could afford to wait, but for the burt
Of this dull tick of time which chicks my car
But now I dare not sit with lone ungert
And staff unlifted, for Death stands too near
I must be up and doing—ay, each minute
The grave gives time for rest when we are in it













WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT THE SUBLIME

To stand upon a windy pinnacle. Beneath the infinite blue of the blue noon, And underfoot a valley terrible As that dun gulf, where sense and being swoon When the soul parts, a grant valley strewn With giant rocks, asleep, and vast, and still, And far away The torrent, which has hewn His pathway through the entrails of the bill, Now crawls along the bottom and anon Lifts up his voice, a muffled tremulous roar, Borne on the wind an instant, and then gone Back to the caverns of the middle air. A voice as of a pation overthrown With beat of drums, when hosts have marched to war.



THE COLDEN BOOK 2 6 2 2 2

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT THE SAME CONTINUED

CLITICHING the brink with hands and feet and knees, With trembling heart, and eyes grown strangely dim, A part thyself and parcel of the frieze Of that colossal temple raised to Time, To gaze on horror, till, as in a crime, Thou and the rocks become accomplices. The ais no voice, no life, 'twist thee and them No life' Yet, look, far down upon the breeze Something has passed across the bosom bare Of the red locks, a leaf, a shape, a shade A living shadow' Ay, above thee there, Weaving majestic circles overhead, Others are watching—This is the sublime To be alone, with eagles in the air



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AUSTIN DOBSON DON QUIXOTE

BEHIND thy pasteboard, on thy battered lack, Thy lean check striped with plaster to and fio, Thy long spear levelled at the unseen foe, And doubtful Sancho trudging at thy back, Thou wert a figure strange enough, good lack! To make wiseacredom, both high and low, Rub purblind eyes, and (having watched thee go) Dispatch its Dogberrys upon thy track Alas! poor Knight! Alas! poor soul possest! Yet would to day, when Courtesy grows chill, And life's fine loyalties are turned to jest, Some fice of thine might burn within us still! Ah, would but one might burn within us still! Ah, would but one might lay his lance in rest. And charge in carriest—were it but a mill!





BERTRAM DOBELL THE PARADOX OF CREATION

A SPECK within a houndless Universe
His home, and he an atom on that speck,
The slave of tyrant forces that coerce
His will, and all his aspirations check,
And yet a being made to dominate

The world of sense by mind's contolling power Spoiled favourite at once and sport of fate, Time's fool indeed, yet its consummate flower!

Alone did Nature to his soul impart A spark of her divinest energy,

Power to create the wondrous would of art, And gave, in grung thought, her master key. So great and yet so little' blessed and cursed— Nature's most noble offspring—yet her worst'





JOHN PAYNE

To thee, my master, thee, my shining one, Whose solitary face, immovable, Burning athwart the midnost glooms of Hell, Calls up stern shadows of the things undone,—To thee, immortal, shining like the sun In the blue heart of Heaven's clearest bell, Circled with radiances ineffable,—These pale sad flowers I bring,—how hardly won From this grey night of modern lovelessness, How haidly and how wearily God knows! These at thy feet I lay, whose hues contess Thy mighty shade, so haply they may shine With some pale reflex of that light divine Which hipples round thine own supernal 108s.



THE GOLDEN BOOK OF ENGLISH SONNETS

JOHN PAYNE THE SANCTUARY LAMPS

Seven lamps of gold the spirit's sanctuary
Illume, Hope, Justice, Temperance, Portitude,
Faith, Piudence, Chairty, which, when imbued
With oil of Grace, burn bright and clear and free
And with their shining over land and sea,
Startle the fiends of fancies food and lewd
And hold thy fane unharrowed of their feud,
O soul, for thy Lord's coming unto thee.

—Who this Lord is, none knoweth. This one saith,
His name is Life, and that, his name is Death
Some say he hears a palm and some a sword
This only know we, be he who he will,
My soul, thy lamps behoveth thee hold still
Bright-burning, 'gainst the coming of thy Lord













THE LAST OF THE GODS

OF all the Gods, for Love my heart is sore, For Love, that was so frank and fair a thing, That had so vague and sweet a voice to sing To our tiled sense Since to the unknown shore, With all his glamours, he is gone before, How shall the world again be glad in Spring, How shall the earth again with blossoming Be clad or have delight of Summer more? And yet, and yet, sad heart, be comforted Love, of a truth, is not for ever dead. He sleepeth but for wearmess of woe And sheer despite of this our world of show And yet will lift again his lovesome head And take again his arrows and his bow





JOHN PAYNE

THE HONEYSUCKLE

The honeysuckle clambers everywhere
And in the quick-set hedges left and right
Runs, with its scrolls of gold and red and white
Broidering the rugged thorn, which, now though bare,
But yesterday with fragrant bloom was fair
Like some sweet thought, too vagrant and too slight
To scire, too vague to follow in its flight,
Its breath of cream and almonds brins the air.
—With soft caressing clasp it seems the thorn
To solace for its loss of flower and scent,
Its bygone blossom gloues of the May,
As some kind humble love the soul forlorn
Heals of the heat break of a desolate day
And the repure of Passion's ravishment











JOHN PAYNE HILTIMA RATIO

For this I thank the Fates, that else have been Stepmothers frowning-faced to me and stern, That they have granted me my bread to earn On freeman fashion, hands and spirit clean Vouchsafing me from sorded strafe and mean To hold and base compliances to spuin, That stain the soul, and fellowships that burn Their brand indelible on mind and mich So, back on life, now drawing to its goal, Spite darksome days and sorrou stricken nights, Content I look, that never have forsaid My faith, but for the flowerage of my soul Have forced the unwilling world to yield me bread, If scanty, sweet, being gotten on the heights





JOHN PAYNE

THE END OF THE ÆON

The end of the old order draweth mgh,
The an is thick with signs of coming change,
Forebodings vague through all men's fancies range,
Dim clouds of doubt, that overcast the sky,
And mists of fear, that darken every eye
In hut and hall, in town and tower and grange,
Men's souls are sick with visions void and strange,
Dehrious dreams of those about to die
No faith there is but is a phantom grown
Of its old self, the Gods by doubt and Fate
Are frozen back to shapes of senseless stone
All eyes are fixed upon the Future's gate,
Tor that which is to be, and all things wait
To hall the coming of the Gods unknown



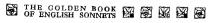


SAMUEL WADDINGTON

Lone wanderer 'mid the loftrest heights of Thought,
Thed watcher for the Dawn that brings the Light,
Whose spirit, in rapt vision, ever sought
To view the shadowy realm beyond our sight,
The powers eternal and the Infinite,—
Say, was thy quest in vain? Was it for nought
To gainer truth thou labour dat thro'the night,
This life unfuitful and thy work unwrought?

Nay, not in vain,—if Hope, and Joy, and Love,
Together watched thy journey on the way,
Oh, not in vain,—if voices from above,
Calling thee onward, led thee day by day
His life alone is vain who never strove,—
Not theirs who for the Truth still watch and pray





SAMUEL WADDINGTON IN THE WOODS OF SWEET CHESTNUT

Where still Varenna wears her cypress crown At eve amid the chestnut-woods I lay, The twilight lingered with the little town, Then round by Cadenabhia stole away The dim woods darkened at the set of day

Yet where the forest shadows lowering frown
Like fairies with their lamps the fire flies stray,
Lighting their lanterns as the sun goes down

There in the dusk, in silence resting there,

Was it a Spirit Voice I heard declare— Some Pixy of the Woods that stopped to say— 'Eternal are the skies and infinite,

Eternal are the stars that shine so bright, But here a little while the fire flies play'





SAMUEL WADDINGTON

Across the trackless skies thou may'st not wander. Thou may'st not tread the infinite beyond. In peace possess thy soul, reflect and pender, Full brief thy gaze, the' Nature's magic wand Light up an universe, and bid thee wonder! What though beyond the sea there may be land Where grows the vine, where blooms the cleander, Where vidure gleams amid the desert sand,—Yet not for thee those foreign, faitle spaces, Remote, unseen, unknown, though known to be! Thy home is here, and here beloved faces Make sweet and fair the home and heart of thee, Thy home is here, and here thy heart embraces Life's joy and hope, love, truth, and liberty!





SAMUEL WADDINGTON 'FROM NIGHT TO NIGHT'

From night to night, through circling darkness whiled, Day dawns, and wanes, and still leaves, as before, The shifting tides and the eternal shore

Sources of life, and forces of the world,

Unseen, unknown, m folds of mystery furled,

Unseen, unknown, remain for evermore —
To heaven hid heights man's questioning soul would
soar.

Yet falls from darkness unto darkness hurled!

Angels of light, ye spirits of the an,
Peopling of yore the dicambaid of our youth,
Ye who once led us through those scenes so fair,
Lead now and leave us near the realm of Liuth
Lo, if in dicams some truths we chanced to see,
Now in the truth some draws may haply be





SAMUEL WADDINGTON

SOUL AND BODY

WHERE wert thou, Soul, ere yet my body born
Became thy dwelling place? Didst thou on earth,
Or in the clouds, await this body's birth?
Or by what chance upon that winter's morn
Didst thou this body find, a babe forlorn?
Didst thou in sorrow enter, or in mirth?
Or for a jest, perchance, to try its worth
Thou tookest flash, ne'er from it to be torn?

Nay, Soul, I will not mock thee, well I know
Thou wert not on the earth, nor in the sky.
For with my body's growth thou too didst grow,
But with that body's death wilt thou too die?
I know not, and thou canst not tell me, so
In doubt we'll go together—thou and I





SAMUEL WADDINGTON

THE DEARTH OF SONG

The darkness deepens on the dim lit shore,
The mountains hide their glory in the shade,
The notes we loved are mute, and nevermore
Pipe the glad voices thro' the forest glade
The pall of Silence on the earth is laid,
Nor longer do we hear the Songs of yore,
We list no carolling of man or maid
Yet shall some future day our joy restore

Soon, soon the Night shall pass, and on the wing The lark soar upward thro the golden air, Soon shall the throstle and the mayis sing,

Wathing then love notes from each leafy lair And while amid the pines the light winds sigh, Spirit of Poesy! thou shalt not die





ERNEST MYERS

Now, as when sometime with high festival A conquering king new realms inaugurates,
The souls of men go up within the gates
Of their new made mysterious palace hall
And on their ears in buists of triumph fall
Marches of mighty music, while below,
In carven cups with far sought gems aglow,
And lamped by shapes of splendour on the wall,
The new wine of Man's kingdom flashes free
Yet some among the wonders wondering there
Sit desolate, and shivering inwardly
Lack yet some love to make the strange thing fair,
Yea, to their sad selves rather seem to be
Sheep from the sheepfold strayed they know not where





ERNEST MYERS

HE left the upland lawns and serene air Wherefrom his soul her noble nurture drew, And reared his helm among the unquiet crew Battling beneath, the norming ladiance rare Of his young brow aim the tumult there Grew gum with sulphurous dust and sangaine dew, Yet through all soilure they who marked him knew The sign of his life's dayspring, calm and fair But when peace came, peace fouler fai than war, And mirth more dissonant than battle's tone, He, with a scenaful sigh of that clear soul, Back to his mountain clomb, now bleak and frore, And with the awful Night he dwelt alone, In darkness, intening to the thuider's roll.





ROBERT BRIDGES

WHILE yet we wait for spring, and from the dry
And blackening east that so embitters March,
Well housed must watch grey fields and meadows parch,
And driven dust and withering snowflake fly,
Already in glumpses of the tarnish'd sky
The sun is warm and beckons to the larch,
And where the covert hazels interach
Their tassell'd twigs, fail beds of primrose he

Beneath the cusp and wintry carpet hid A million buds but stay their blossoming, And trustful birds have built their nests amid The shuddering boughs, and only wait to sing Till one soft shower from the south shall bid, And hither tempt the pignim steps of spring.





Where San Miniato's convent from the sun At forenoon overlooks the city of flowers I sat, and gazing on her domes and towers Call'd up her famous children one by one: And three who all the rest had far outdone, Mild Giotto first, who stole the morning hours, I saw, and god-like Buonarroti's powers, And Dante, gravest poet, her much-wrong'd son

Is all this glory, I said, another's praise? Are these heroic triumphs things of old, And do I dead upon the hving gaze? Or rather doth the mind, that can behold The wondrous beauty of the works and days, Create the image that her thoughts enfold?





Reforce, ye dead, where'er your spirits dwell,
Rejoice that yet on earth your fame is bright,
And that your names, remember'd day and night,
Live on the lips of those that love you well
'This ye that conquer d have the powers of hell,
Each with the special grace of your delight
Ye are the world's creators, and thro' might
Of everlasting love ye did excel

Now ye are starry names, above the storm And war of Time and nature's encless wrong Ye flit, in pictured truth and peaceful form, Wing d with bright music and melodious song,— The flaming flowers of heaven, making May dance In dear Imagination's rich pleasance





I CARE not if I live, tho' life and breath
Have never been to me so dear and sweet
I care not if I die, for I could meet—
Being so happy—happily my death
I care not if I love, to day she saith
She loveth, and love's history is complete
Nor care I if she love me, at her feet
My spirit bows entranced and worshippeth

I have no care for what was most my care,
But all around me see fresh beauty born,
And common sights grown lovelier than they were
I dream of love, and in the light of moin
Tremble, beholding all things very fair
And strong with strength that puts my strength to
scorn





In autumn moonlight, when the winte arr wan Is fragrant in the wake of summer hence, 'Tra sweet to sit entranced, and muse thereon In melancholy and godiske undolence

When the proud spirit, lall d by mortal prime To fond pretence of immortality, Vieweth all moments from the built of time, All things whate or have been or yet shall be

And the the garden, where the year is spent,
The rum of old life is full of yearning,
Minging poetic rapture of lament
W th flowers and sunshine of spring's sure returning,
Only in visions of the white air wan
by godlike flower senzed and dwelt unon





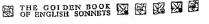
Yr blessed saints, that now in heaven enjoy The purchase of those tears, the world's disdain, Doth Love still with his war your peace annoy, Or hath Death freed you from his ancient pain t

Have ye no springtide, and no burst of May In flowers and leafy trees, when solemn night Pants with love music, and the holy day Breaks on the ear with songs of heavenly light?

What make ye and what strive for ? keep ye thought Of us, or in new excellence divine
Is old forgot? or do we count for nought
What the Grock did and what the Elorentine?
We keep your emproyer well. Or in your store

We keep your memories well O in your store Live not our best joys treasured evermore?





EDMUND GOSSE

RPITHALAMIUM

High in the organ loft, with hiled hair,

Love phied the pedals with a snowy foot,

Pouring forth music like the scent of fruit,

And stirring all the incense laden air,

We knelt before the altar's gold rail, where

The priest stood robed, with chalice and palm shoot,

With music men, who bore citole and lute,

Behind us, and the attridant virgins fair,

And so our red aurora flashed to gold,

Our dawn to sudden sun, and all the while

The high voiced children trebled clear and cold,

The censer boys went singing down the aisle,

And far above, with fingers strong and sure,



Love closed our lives triumphant overture.



EDMUND GOSSE

THE FEAR OF DEATH

Last night I woke and found between us drawn,—
Between us, where no mortal fear may erecp,—
The vision of Death dividing us in sleep;
And suddenly I thought, Ere light shall dawn
Some day,—the substance, not the shadow, of Death
Shall cleave us like a sword. The vision passed,
But all its new-born horior held me fast,
And till day broke I listened for your breath.
Some day to wake, and find that coloured skies,
And pipings in the woods, and petals wet,
Are things for aching memory to forget;
And that your hving hands and mouth and eyes
Are part of all the world's old histories!—
Dear God' a little longer, ah not yet!





EDMUND GOSSE

Coor, and palm shaded from the tornd heat,
The young brown tenor puts his singing by,
And sets the twin pipe to his hips to try
Some air of bulrush-glooms where lovers meet,
O swart musician, time and faine are fleet,
Brief all delight, and youth's feet fain to fly!
Pipe on in peace! To morrow must we die?
What matter, if our life to day be sweet!
Soon, soon, the silver paper-reeds that sigh
Along the Sacred River will repeat
The echo of the dark stoled bearers' feet,
Who carry you, with wailing, where must he
Your swathed and withered body, by and by,
In perfumed dinkness with the grains of wheat





WILLIAM LEONARD COURTNEY

GRIEF, and the ache of things that pass and fade,
The stately pomp, the pall, the open grave,
These and the solemn thoughts which cannot save
Our eyes from tears, nor make us less afraid
Of that dicad mystery which God has made —
How many thousand thousand men who wave
Speechless frewells, with hearts forlorally brave,
Know well the mockery of Death's parade!

This cannot help us to transgress the bounds,

Nor give us wings to overpass the steep
Ramparts of Heaven which God's angels keep
Wide is the 'great gulf fixed' for us the mounds
Of fresh-turned earth, above, sweet peace surrounds
The painless patience of eternal sleep





EDMOND HOLMES

Nor in the strength of duty but of love,

Not as Fate wills but as their comiades call,

The stars of midnight on their orbits move,

Each drawn to each, and all aftire for all

Blind that we are, we think they blindly sweep

Through voids of darkness, without guide or aim

Yet all the Universe, from deep to deep,

Flashes and glows with love's ethercal flame

Deaf that we are, we think that silence reigns

When midnight sends no message to our ears

Yet all Creation echoes to the strains

Suig, at love's bidding, by the gliding spheres

Silent and dark we deem it,—yet the night

Rings with love's music, quivers with love's light



EDMOND HOLMES MEMORIES

O Lake of solitude, can I forget
How I have watched a sudden sheet of spray
Leap up trumphant on a stoimy day
Ahore the cliffs, when wintry waves beset
A headland of despair—how I have met
Far mland—wanderers from their native home—
The flying feathers of your ocean foam,
And felt the rushing west wind, salt and wet
With driven mist—but I remember most
How all one night, O melancholy land,
By lone Liscannor bay I could not sleep
For listening to the voices of the deep—
The tramphings of a never ending host

X

Along the desolation of the sand



EDMOND HOLMES

FROM SHANNON TO SRA

THE Shannon bore me to thy bosom wide: I wandered with it on its winding way By fields of yellow corn and new-mown hay, And far blue hills that rose on either side, And low dark woods that fringed the ebbing tide:

And ever as its waters neared the west. Out of the slumber of its broadening breast Faint momentary ripples rose and died ;-And rose again before the breeze and grew

To wavelets dancing in the noonday light, And these were changed to waves of ocean blue. And creek and headland faded from the sight,

And oh! at last -at last I floated free On the long rollers of the open sea.





HARDWICK DRUMMOND RAWNSLEY THE OLD PARISH CHURCH, WHITBY

Wx climbed the steep where headless Edwin lies—
The king who struck for Christ, and striking fell;
Beyond the harbour telled the beacon bell,
Saint Mary's peal sent down her glad replies;
So entered we the Church white galleries,
Cross-stanchions, frequent stairs, dissembled well
A ship's mid-hold,—we almost felt the swell
Beneath, and caught o'crhead the sallers' cries.

But as we heard the congregational sound,
And reasonable voice of common prayer
And common prayes, new wind was in our salls—
Heart called to heart, beyond the horizon's bound
With Christ we steered, through angel-haunted air,
A ship that meets all storms, rides out all gales.





HARDWICK DRUMMOND RAWNSLEY SWITZERLAND

LAND of undying Winter, endless Spring,

—For twice behind the scythe your valleys shine,
Land of the broad leaved chestnut and the pine,
Where all the flowers their gayest garlands fling
Before the feet of Summer, where hells ring

An echo to the music of the kine,

Land doubly flowing with milk and mellow wine,

Milk of pure kindness wine of welcoming—

To you I come worn out with petty care,

Come, for the cucken called use, let blue flowly.

Come, for the cuckoo called me, let blue floods
And your white-blossommg valleys close me round,
And give me leave with simple faith to share
The solace of your mountain solitudes,
And walk with Freedom on her native ground





THOMAS HERBERT WARREN MAY-DAY ON MAGDALEN TOWER

Moss of the year, of day and May the prime!
How filly do we scale the steep dark star
Into the brightness of the matm air
To praise with chanted hymn and echoing chime,
Dest Lord of Light, thy lowlihead sublime
That stooped crewinle our life's frail weed to wear!
Sun, cloud, and hill, all things Thou figurest so fair,
With is are glad and gay, greeting the time

The college of the fily leaves her sleep.

The gray tower rocks and trembles into sound,
Dawn smitten Memnon of a happier hour,
Through faint-hired fields the siver waters creep.
Dny grows, birds pipe, and robed anew and crowned,
Green Spring trips fouth to set the world aflower





MARGARET L WOODS

GENIUS LOCI

Peace, Shepherd, peace! What boots it singing on? Since long ago grace giving Phoebus died, And all the train that loved the stream bright side Of the poetic mount with him are gone Beyond the shoies of Styx and Acheion, In unexploied realms of night to hide. The clouds that strew their shadows far and wide Are all of Henyen that visits Holpon.

Yet here, where never muse or god did haunt, Still may some nameless power of Nature stray, Pleased with the reedy stream s continual chant And purple pomp of these broad fields in May The shepherds meet him where he herds the kine, And careless pass him by whose is the grift divine





A. MARY F. ROBINSON SOLDIERS PASSING

Alone the planetree-dappled pearly street, Full flooded with the gay Parisian light, I watch the people gather, left and right, Far off I hear the clarion shrilling sweet,

Nearer and nearer comes the Lump of feet,
And, while the soldiers still are out of sight,
Over the crowd the wave of one delight
Breaks, and transfigures all the dusty heat

So have I seen the western Alps turn rose When the reflection of the rising sun Irradiates all their peaks and woods and snows

Even so this various nation blends in one As down the street the sacred bunner goes, And every Frenchman feels himself its son!





A. MARY F. ROBINSON THE VISION

SOMETIMES when I sit musing all alone
The sick diversity of human things,
Into my soul, I know not how, there springs
The vision of a would unlike our own.

O stable Zion, perfect, endless, one,

Why hauntest thou a soul that hath no wings?

I look on thee as men on mirage springs,

Knowing the desert bears but sand and stone.

Yet as a passing mirror in the street
Flashes a glimpse of gardens out of range
Through some poor sick room open to the heat,
So, in a world of doubt and death and change,
The vision of eternity is sweet,
The vision of strength is street.

The vision of eternity is strange



THE GOLDEN BOOK OF ENGLISH SONNETS OF ENGLISH SONNETS

WILLIAM WATSON

THE FRONTIER

AT the husbed brink of twilight,-when, as though Some solemn journeying phantom paused to lay An ominous finger on the awestruck day, Earth holds her breath till that great presence go,-A moment comes of visionary glow, Pendulous 'twixt the gold hour and the grey, Lovelier than these, more eloquent than they Of memory, foresight, and life's ebb and flow

So have I known, in some fair woman's face, While viewless yet was Time's more gross imprint, The first, faint, hesitant, elusive hint

Of that invasion of the vandal years Seem deeper beauty than youth's cloudless grace, Wake subtlet dreams, and touch me nigh to tears





WILLIAM WATSON

TO ONE WHO HAD WRITTEN IN DERISION OF THE BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY

Drams not so, with light hard phrase and cold, Ev'n if it be but fond imagining, The hope whereto so passionately cling The dicaming generations from of old! Not thus, to luckless men, are tidings told Of mistress lost, or riches taken wing, And is eternity a shighter thing,

To have or lose, than kisses or than gold? Nay, tenderly, if needs thou must, disprove

My loftest fancy, dash my grand desire
To see this curtain lift, these clouds retire,
And Truth, a boundless dayspring, blaze above
And round me, and to ask of my dead sire
His pardon for a word that wronged his love





WILLIAM WATSON THE MODERN SADNESS

On Chaucer, the unconquerably young, Methought thou eemest by, and dubt melme An car to these poor fifthl notes of mme, and dubt reprove, albest with gentle tongue, A lyre to joyous mood so seldom strung—So little wowed to laughter or the vine. Or her that rose a goddess from the brine, Mother of half the songs the world hath sung

Blandly arraigning ghost 1 'tis all too true,— A want of joy doth in these strings reade, Some shade, that troubled not thy clearer day, Some loss, nor thou nor thy Boccacco knew For thou art of the morning and the May— I of the autumn and the eventule





WILLIAM WATSON

NIGHTMARE (WRITTEN DURING APPARENT IMMINENCE OF WAR)

Is a false dream I saw the Foe prevail
The war was ended, the last smoke had rolled
Away and we, crewhile the strong and bold,
Stood broken, humbled, withered, weak and pale,
And mouned, 'Our greatness is become a tale
To tell our children's babes when we are old
They shall put by their play things to be told
How England once, before the years of bale,
Throned above trembling, puissant, grandose, calm,
Held Asia's richest jewel in hei palm,
And with unnumbered isless barbarie, she
The broad hem of her glistening robe impearled,
Then, when she wound her arms about the world,
And had for vassal the obsequious sea'





COULSON KERNAHAN A SOLDIER'S PASSING

Is in Life's Camp I saw my tent-door darken,
And one I knew not standing at salute —
'Who are you?'—'Orderly Death, Sir. Hearken!'
I bring a message no man may dispute.'—
'Good Corporal Death,' (thus would I haste to greet him),
'Stay but your message till the bugle call
The Advance, that like a soldier I may meet Him,
From whom you come, the King who captains all'

Not from a bed, but from the field of battle, Not mine a cow-death underneath a fence, Nor with sad watchers listening for the rattle, The last long lingering breath, ere all is mute; Not among friends, but foes, may I pass hence, And, sword in hand, my Coptain and King salute.



HENRY CHARLES BEECHING, DEAN OF NORWICH NUDERDALE

Two things I love in this most lovely dale
A stream of amber water, clear and chill,
O or slope stones slipping, or at wayward will
Breaking smooth silence to a silver tale,
A firwood then, fanned by a gentle gale
To lose its scent, within the trunks are still,
And pillar a dark shrine for dreams to fill,
Between the stones the unsunned grass is pale

Two things I loved, but thou, O lovelier Than these, hast all that these were worth to me, thy clearer eyes know more of change and stir. Than all the brooks, thy tongue more melody, And neath thy shadow; hair, thy serene face Makes sanctuary in the holy place



HENRY CHARLES BEECHING, DEAN OF NORWICH DOUBT

O THAT We too, above this earthly jar
One clear command obeying, we too might
Our path preordinate direct aright,
Moving in music where the planets are,
Or motionless like to a fixed star
Might wait and watch above this weary night
The far-off coming of the morning light,
His feet upon the eastern hills afer.

Alas, elas! bewildered, desolate,
A horor of thick darkness wraps us round,
And some at sadly down and weep and wait,
And some fall headlong in the gulf profound,
And some creep on by their own torches' blaze.—
O sun, shine forth, as in the ancient days.



ALICE MEYNELL

RENOUNCEMENT

I sust not think of thee, and, tired yet strong.

I shun the thought that links in all delight—
The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song

Oh, just beyond the fairest thought, that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet
bright.

But it must never, never come in sight,

I must stop short of thee the whole day long

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day, When night gives pause to the long watch I keep, And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,

Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart





ALICE MEYNELL YOUR OWN FAIR YOUTH

Your own fair youth, you care so little for it, Smiling towards Heaven you would not stay the advances

Of time and change upon your happiest fancies I keep your golden hour, and will restore it

If ever, in time to come, you would explore it—
Your old self, whose thoughts went like last year's
pausies,

Look unto me, no mirror keeps its glances, In my unfailing praises now I store it

To guard all joys of yours from Times estranging, I shall be then a treasury where your gay, Happy, and pensive past unaltered is

I shall be then a garden charmed from changing, In which your June has never passed away Walk there awhile among my memories







ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER WULERIINA'S HAMPTON (WOLVERHAMPTON)

Now certain women carved their names in stone That whoseever ran the same might read. Cambridge was founded by Saint Etheldrede, The holy daughter of an Anghan throne. Saint Frideswide it was made Oxford known By many a generous gift and godly deed: Saint Hilds nobly helped Northumbria's need When Whitby's abbey to full height had grown. Wulfruna, likewise, chose the better part,

And in the midst of this our Mercian plain A stately minster to God's glory raised, To prove thereafter to the thronging mart That favour is deceitful, beauty vain. But she that fears her Maker shall be praised





MAURICE HEWLETT THE WINDS' POSSESSION

When winds blow high and leaves begin to fall,
And the wan sunlight flits before the blast,
When fields are brown and crops are garnered all,
And rooks, like mastered ships, duft wide and fast
Maid Artemis, that feeleth her young blood
Leap like a freshet river for the sea,
Speedeth abroad with hair blown in a flood

Then would you know how brave she is, how high Her ancestry, how kindred to the wind, Mark but her flashing feet, her ravisht eye That takes the hoist yous weather and feels it kind And hear her eager voice, how tuned it is To Autumn's clarion shill for Artemis.

To snuff the salt west wind and wanton free.





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ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON REGRET

I HOLD it now more shameful to forget
Than fearful to remember, if I may
Make choice of pain, my Father, I will pray
That I may suffer rather than regret,

And this dull aching at my heart to day
Is haider far to bear than when I set
My passionate heart some golden thing to get,
And, as I clasped it, it was torn away.

'The world is fair,' the elder spirit saith,
'The tide flows fast, and on the forther shore
Wait consolations and surprises rare'

But youth still cries, 'The love that was my faith
Is broken, and the ruined shrine is bare,
And I am all alone for evermore'





ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON ON THE HILL

I would not dwell with Passion, Passion grows

By what he feeds on—sense and sound and sight—

The myriad bubbles dancing to the light,

The frenzied fiagrance of the wanton rose

But Love may dwell with me pure Love, that glows
The richer through the cold and londy night,
And gilds with warm effulgence, brave and bright,
The flosty spaikle of unsulbed snows

When Passion thiobs and quivers, Love is still And piteous—swift to picture, apt to bend And listen, at the shut of evening gray

He uses, threads the valley, climbs the hill, To stand beside the milestone, stand and say So many leagues divide me from my friend













HENRY NEWBOLT

DEVON

DEEP-wooded combes, clear-mounded hills of morn, Red sunset tides against a red sea-wall, High lonely battons where the curleus call, Far moors that echo to the ringing horn,-Devon! thou spirit of all these beauties born, All these are thine, but thou art more than all: Speech can but tell thy name, praise can but fall Beneath the cold white sea mist of thy scorn

Yet, yet, O noble land, forbid us not Even now to join our faint memorial chime To the ficice chant wherewith their hearts were hot Who took the tide in thy Imperial prime . Whose glory's thine till Glory sleeps forgot With her ancestral phantoms, Pride and Time





A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK OUTSIDE THE CHURCH

I PASED without, what time the organ pealed
The last high rapture of a stately hymn,
And lingering where upon the twilight dim
The storied windows, 1th with warmth, revealed
A pitying Christ 'mid humble shapes that kneeled,
Heard the punctilious Priest intone a grim
Creed-curse of some dead, earthly sanhodrim,
As if it opened all that God had sealed

Not mine that perfect faith which strangely soothes
The wolld's disquiet where it entors in,
And yet I beer, through every night of doubt,
A heart of hope made glad by simple truths
No door, O Priest! shuts all God's light within,
His stars are with me in the dark without.











RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

GENTLE NIGHT

I DREAMED last night that she for whom my days Are spent in hopeless weeping, came to me And took my hand, and kissed full tenderly My throbbing brow, and filled the still amaze That hushed my tongue with words that stop my breath E'en to remember—how that always she Had been my love, and still must ever be. Though she could only be my bride in death.

And so to day the sorrow of my face Shines softly like a joy, and every chime That tells a passing hour makes it more sweet; For now I know, though we shall never meet In the cold light of an unfriendly Time, Love has prepared us an eternal place





LAURENCE BINYON THE TUNNEL

SITTING with strangers in the hurrying train, We spoke not to each other Golden May Flooded the warm fields greener from the rain, Then sudden darkness stole it all away

Her face was gone, but on the dark I framed Its features, to my fancy's utmost height, And with love's utmost fondness, never named, Painted the image of my life's delight.

But lo ' a gleam the window's edge outlined, And beautifully dawning through the gloom She came back, O how much more than my mind Had pictured, triumphing in breath and bloom !

Then I, ashamed, gave thanks with joy, I knew That my best dream was bettered with the true





LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS TO SLEEP

An, Sleep, to me thou com'st not in the guise Of one who brings good gifts to weary men, Balm for bruised hearts and fancies alien To unkind truth, and drying for sad eyes I dread the summons to that fierce assize Of all my foes and woes, that waits me when

Thou mak'st my soul the unwilling denizen
Of thy dim troubled house where unjest lies

My soul is sick with dreaming, let it rest.
False Sleep, thou hast conspired with Wakefulness,
I will not praise thee, I too long beguiled
With idle tales. Where is thy soothing breast?
Thy peace, thy poppies, thy forgetfulness?
Where is thy lap for me so tired a child?













LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS BEAUTY AND THE HUNTER

Where lurks the shining quarry, swift and shy, Immune, clusive, unsubstantial? In what dim forests of the soul, where call No birds, and no beasts creep? (the hunter's cry Wounds the deep darkness, and the low winds sigh Through avenues of trees whose faint leaves fall Down to the velvet ground, and like a pall The violet shadows cover all the sky).

With what gold nets, what silver-pointed spears May we surprise her, what slim flutes inspire With breath of what serene enchanted air?-Wash we our star-ward gazing eyes with tears, Till on their pools (drawn by our white desire) She hend and look, and leave her image there.











THE HON. MAURICE BARING ΛΕΙΡΙΟΕΣΣΑ ΚΑΛΥΞ (THE HEART OF THE LILY)

SHE listened to the music of the spheres. We thought she did not hear our happy strings Stars diadem'd her hair in misty rings, And all too late we knew those stars were tears Without she was a temple of pure snow,

Within were piteous flames of sacrifice, And underneath the dazzling mask of ice A heart of swiftest fire was dving slow

She in herself, as lonely lines fold

Stiff silver petals over secret gold, Shielded her passion and remained afar From pity Cast red roses on the pyre! She that was snow shall rise to Heaven as fire In the still glory of the morning star





RUPERT BROOKE THE SOLDIER

Ir I should die, think only this of me
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England There shall be
In that rich enth a richer dust concealed,

A dust whom England bote, shaped, made aware, Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to ream, A body of Englands, breathing English an, Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given
Her sights and sounds, diseams happy as her day.
And laughter, learnt of friends and gentleness,

In hearts at peace, under an English heaven



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Riber r me not! I have nor wish ner slill Remoc ve de id where er vour si trits duell Remember me when I am gone at at. Besolving worlds revolving systems ven Rise, said the Master come unto the feast -Run, sheplards, run where Bellilam blest appears

San soul whom Cod re aming what He gave Scorn not the Sounct! Critic you have frowned, Serted between the old world and the new. See how the small concentrate fiers force Seven lamps of gold the spirit s sanctuary Shall I compare thee to a summer s dus? Shall we not weary to the windless days She listened to the music of the spheres . Since there a no help come let us has and part Sitting with strangers in the burrying trum, So many a dream and hope that went and came, So sang he and as meeting rose and rose Sometimes when I sit musing all alone boring speaks again and all our woods are stirred,

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White sails that on the horizon flash and flec.

Why do I sing ! I know not why, my friend .

Yn blessed saints, that now in heaven enjoy

Ye hasten to the dead! What seek ye there,

Your own fair youth, you care so little for it.

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climbst the skies !

'With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the sky.

While yet we wait for spring, and from the dry

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